



## Within the Cup

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# WITHIN THE CUP

by

PHYLLIS BOTTOME

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*To  
those Pilgrims of Eternity  
whose home is Austria*

*This book is produced  
in complete conformity  
with the authorized economy standards*

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A great interest has always been taken in what living people think or feel about ghosts, but the other side of the picture has remained unpainted. We do not know what ghosts think or feel about living people.

Now I—Rudolph, or as people in Vienna used to call me, “Rudi” von Ritterhaus—*am* a ghost; and therefore what I think of these people who inhabit that small island off the coast of Europe called England—where I am doing my haunting at present—may be useful to my sometimes unwilling, and yet always kindly, hosts.

I am an admiring, an affectionate—even in a way, a grateful—ghost and all that I shall say in this record of my daily life here is written with the aim of being of use to these particular Islanders. For although I have ceased to survive as what people call a “real” man, I still survive as an observing animal and my observations still have the value of a trained psychiatrist’s. That is the curious part of it. The normal house-to-house ghost is a spirit of what was once a man, without a body. I—on the contrary—am the body of what was once a man, without a spirit.

I am not out of my mind at all. I was never saner. But I am—I suppose I always shall be—out of my spirit.

What happened in Vienna on 11th March in 1938 when my spirit was driven out of me, I shall touch on as lightly as possible since it is not part of my purpose in writing this record of the English people; but what I once was has to be mentioned since at least half of what is observed is in the eyes of the observer. You do not look at a thing without an eye, and whether this is a bird’s eye, or a brute’s eye, or a human eye, has its significance.

The occupation of Abel by Cain which took place when the German Army flung itself upon undefended Austria, the people of Great Britain and France at that time preferred to call an act of unity.

If the meal of a cannibal upon a murdered brother is unity—they defined the German occupation rightly. The plebiscite took place, but it was Hitler’s plebiscite—not Schuschnigg’s—and it took place under the engaging care of the German Army.

I was at the time a useful and even a privileged person. Nor was I illborn. My father had been a General in the War of 1914. My mother was a beautiful actress who had been legally married to him. She was so lovely and had had such a successful stage career that no-one in Vienna had ever noticed that she was a Jewess. Her religion was that of all artists—obedience to the laws of her creative art. She died when I was ten years old and my father re-married. My stepmother was what would be known now as a full Aryan, and she was so good to me that I confused my two mothers in my mind—and for the sake of these two tender-hearted women, I looked upon all women henceforward as my friends; indeed, I have never altogether lost this sometimes dubious habit.

I was a diligent schoolboy; pleased with my work and my comrades. My father was not at all stern in spite of his military training. He was as staunch a friend to me as my stepmother. Fortunately they both died early in the 1930's.

I had already become a biologist attached to the University of Vienna, but I added psychology to my other field of research, and it became more and more engrossing to me. So without giving up my special science, I took the practice of psychiatry as a profession.

I had all the patients I could manage and access to what was then—however poor materially—probably the best ground for psychology in the world.

I worked with and for Alfred Adler for three years, before he finally went to America in 1934. He wanted me to go with him, for he foresaw what was to become of Wien; but I refused. Klara had already promised to become my bride and her whole family was bitterly against such a separation. They told me what a complete and united strength such a family as theirs could be to their future son-in-law, and to his children. If I remained in Vienna I could count on an early appointment of phenomenal importance to so young a man—"Provided that you can keep it", Adler said to me with his curious hooded look that seemed to pierce deeper than the bones of the present, into the heart of the future.

I felt deeply injured. Adler sometimes said cruel things which turned out afterwards to have been the truth, and which, if one had not thought them at the time *only* cruel, might have saved one from subsequent disaster.

Klara and I therefore remained in Wien. We were married in 1935, and within a year Andreas was born to us. The next three years substantiated all my hopes. It was wonderful to watch my

dreams change to reality and yet not lose their bright transparency. I received my appointment. I had a large circle of congenial friends and colleagues. My love was like the food I lived on.

Neither Klara nor I paid the least attention to politics. We amused ourselves with the old Viennese quip, "In Germany the situation is serious but not desperate; in Austria the situation is desperate but not serious."

We thought Schuschnigg a clever dog, though we disapproved of his earlier agreement with Dollfuss, which threw the working people of Vienna to that Wolf, Mussolini. The attack on the Goethe Haus and those other memorable workmen's dwellings, sickened all thinking people in Vienna. It was as senseless as cutting off one's right hand in order to make oneself into a complete entity. A few months later Dollfuss paid for his timid treachery with his own blood; that indeed struck some of us as a more fatal event, though it was in reality far less fatal, than the slaughter of our own workpeople.

Anyhow, we told ourselves that Schuschnigg would last our time and was a good deal cleverer than Dollfuss. His acrobatic antics to keep Austria from the lethal threats of the two gangsters on either side of us thrilled us all, as a gladiator show must have thrilled the Roman populace. We did not realize that we were to be thrown to the lions ourselves as a grand finale. But being Viennese, we did at least realize that Hitler and Mussolini *were* wild beasts, which was more than the Great Powers did, who persisted in trying to believe them rather a bluff new form of Sunday School teacher. And yet, what was the use of our knowledge—for the whole monstrous swindle caught us by surprise in the end, after five years of wolf-crying!

It was as if, one moment a man was driving along in his own little car to a known destination on the right side of the road, with the sun shining down upon him, and in command of all his faculties and possessions—and the next moment the car was changed into a man-eating tiger—and the driver—with all his possessions and his faculties, crunched up together inside the tiger.

People think of Refugees as unfortunate people who have lost their homes, suffered various painful experiences, and been driven out of their country in a moneyless and embarrassing condition—embarrassing of course both for themselves and for their hosts—but we are something quite different. We are human beings changed in essence. Many people have left homes before and started, penniless, new lives in foreign countries after bitter



personal experiences, and yet remained much the same people that they were before these events took place. But those whom Hitler and Mussolini drove out, passed through a unique experience. The web of their lives was torn before their eyes into useless fragments. There was no security of soul, mind or body that was left to them.

\* For never—until the Nazis had prepared and trained themselves into one united weapon turned against the heart of man—had any ruler commanded the full resources of a civilized state. Germany gave Hitler this power; and this was how Hitler used it. He could not create man, as God once did; but he could uncreate him. I know this as a fact because he uncreated me. I did *not* survive what happened to me. I do not know one single Refugee who has wholly survived it.

To uncreate man is what Hitler set out to do—has done—and will continue to do, as long as he can control the resources of the German Reich. Mussolini was more modest—or had the sense to know that no Latin country can be forced to give up its individuality completely. However, he must not be under-estimated. He did the worst he could with less malleable material.

Hitler has always disliked mankind; not intermittently with one of his faculties as most human beings dislike their enemies, but continuously, with all the faculties he possesses.

The sun does not divert Hitler from his hatred by shining, nor does he forget his pre-occupation with murder in order to take a dog out for a walk or play a hand at cards. Hitler lives in a state of continuous movement towards a self-directed goal. He hates from morning till night; and he acts with the whole of himself upon what he hates. Suppose a Christian were to follow his creed like Hitler, with love as his aim instead of hate—we should see another Christ! But this time we should know better than to let him live for thirty-three years; and have his story published after his death. He would be put straight into a concentration camp from the moment he began to improve upon the teachings of the authorities; and anyone who dared to make his story known would risk being put away himself, as well as having his book burned.

But in Europe in 1938 no-one thought of behaving like Christ. Schuschnigg went to Berchtesgaden and Vienna trembled like an ox when he reaches the slaughter-house; and those who saw Schuschnigg after the famous interview, knew that the axe had already fallen.

I shall not write of those loud days and nights that followed.

Our ears were less stunned by Hitler's bombers than our hearts were by German cruelty. It would have been better for most of us had our hearts remained stunned.

I had my father's name and my University appointment to protect me; I only lost like all the rest of us, the sense of all moral and physical security. I knew that all I had hitherto believed was a lie. Man was *not* a benevolent animal. Friendship had no foundation in fact. No-one could be relied upon, because courage was a drawback, involving danger to others.

Mercy was out of the running with cruelty; nor did justice come into the picture at all. When we met a friend in the street, we did not dare to look at him. We were too ashamed.

For quite a long time I was uninvolved in any personal disaster. I went on from day to day doing my work, loving my wife and child with a desperate intensity, and being loved by them. I saw very little of my friends; nor was I quite sure who they were.

We knew that we had the Family behind us. Klara's people bore a great name; and we supposed that it still had some significance even to the Nazis. Perhaps it had.

One day I left Klara and little Andreas as usual, telling them that I would be back early for it was his third birthday, and we were to have had a picnic in the Wiener Wald.

When I hurried into the house at four o'clock I found they were not there. We lived in the Hohe Warte, close to the Vineyards of Grinzing. Schubert's and Beethoven's footsteps were all round us. We could almost smell their music when the apple orchards bloomed and the vines turned green. Our little house was not quite empty. A new servant, a country girl, was in the kitchen. She stood by the sink crying. Country people change very slowly; she still had a heart; and it was for me that she was crying. I asked her what the matter was. She said, "The Family have called. They have taken the Gnädigste away with them; and the Herr Baby—and even his birthday cake."

They never came back.

After walking about for an hour or two in the Vineyards—thinking things over it used to be called, when one was allowed to think—I went round to the Family's great apartment opposite the Staats Park in the centre of Wien. They had forgotten that they had once given me a latch key; so I was able to get inside.

I found Klara in the bathroom, and Andreas in a green-tiled bath with steps leading down to it, like a pool. Andreas was enjoying it very much. He had the boat I had given him that morning as a birthday present in the pool with him.

I said, "Klara!" but when she turned and looked at me, I saw that there was no such person.

It was quite unnecessary for her to explain to me what she felt, after that look. Nothing really need ever be explained by people who have once been in love with each other. Because if there is still love—nothing else matters; and if there is not still love—then also nothing else matters.

*Klara had been dispossessed, and so—in a flash—was I. Only the child wasn't. He held out his arms in an ecstasy and cried, "Daddy! Daddy! Sail my boat with me!"*

Klara had not been able to show him how it moved, so I kneeled down on the splashed floor, and showed Andreas. Afterwards I got out of the house somehow—but what had really happened beyond the mechanical movement of getting away (I wasn't even arrested) was that I knew, then, I wasn't any longer 'myself'. I was a disintegrated atom that had once belonged to a part of a civilized world.

26th April 1939

**I**t was such a little blur when I first saw it on the horizon that I thought it only a thicker part of the mist. All I could see was a smudge of cloud above, a smudge of cloud beneath; and something a trifle thicker in between. I could not guess it was the Island itself till a man next to me—rather a low class of Viennese Jew—burst out sobbing and cried: "That's England!"

"It's too small! It's too small!" I thought to myself in an agony of fear and rage. "It's too soft!" I felt as if my heart—beating up into my ears—would burst through my flesh, to warn it.

England was the only hope I had. I knew that if it didn't hold against Hitler, nothing else would. And how could one be sure of any country ruled by Chamberlain and his gentlemanly officials, who had so confused and cotton-wooled the minds of their people that they believed the Nazis would let them choose which they wanted—Peace or War? I had no belief in France. My French colleagues had told me. It was already too late. The poisoned fangs of Abetz and Laval had gone too deep. The Communists—never accustomed to think—only to act without thinking—were actually supporting the Bankers. These swollen

magnates, as usual, kept their hearts in their pockets and were prepared to part with anything in the world except their money.

The Bankers of France—her two hundred Ruling Families—openly said: "Rather Hitler than Communism!" The Communists said: "First Hitler—then Us!" France said nothing.

There were a great many seagulls floating about in the white mist; and then as we approached the harbour a little breeze sprang up, and blew the clouds apart and I saw that blunt square tower on a green mound, that is Dover Castle.

Somchow or other, just the sight of its age-old unaggressive strength, steadied my nerves.

I remembered Adler had once said to me of these Islanders: "They are a benevolent and powerful people; and will not yield lightly to Dictatorship."

The docks looked unprepared for our landing. There seemed no-one whose business it was to look after our approaching ship. Suddenly—as if from nowhere—two men sauntered towards the dock's edge; our sailors threw a cable towards them—they caught it; and without a word or a gesture, the ship was moored.

The docking of this large steamer hardly seemed to require an act. The ship—the land—they came together in a flash—as if they had happened to meet.

"Are they *accidentally* right—these Islanders?" I asked myself, not without anxiety, "or is their skill so deep that it has become unconscious?"

This is a question I have often asked myself since; for as a people, the English have no method—only a kind of working confidence.

"In what have they this confidence?" I still ask myself. "In themselves—in each other—or in life?"

James and Eunice waved to me from the dock. There was no-one else on it, except the two men who had helped to dock the ship.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wendover had been very great friends of mine. They had also procured my English visa for me; but, of course, friendship, for me, was now purely problematical. I neither expected it, nor even hoped for it. Perhaps I rather dreaded it. I believed that it was a mirage—a will o' the wisp—something that the moment the Nazis came, would automatically disappear; and I was not anxious to watch it disappear a second time.

James and Eunice had once, four years ago, come to me in a moment of dire human emergency—but since they came to me

as patients, I cannot describe their emergency. I had never come across a similar case in my own countrymen so that I had been specially interested. Fortunately I had been able to clear up their trouble; and our curious three-faceted friendship followed.

I deeply liked and respected them both, but I should have had no reason whatever to suppose that they liked me in return—except that they had a way of turning up on their holidays, they explained to me, 'by accident'.

I had received a telegram from them the day after my wife left me, saying that they had got my permit to enter England, although I had not asked them to obtain it for me. I might suppose it was another of these 'accidents'.

There they stood and waved cheerfully at me from the dock-side, as if I were about to pay them a normal friendly visit—such as I had often planned, and never before accomplished. I could not reach them until I had passed the Passport barrier; but it made it easier to know that they were there.

To my surprise, everything went very smoothly though it was almost terrifying to meet the eyes of officials as if they were human beings. When I had passed the barrier I was trembling so, that I could hardly stand.

James said: "Had a decent crossing?" and Eunice, who was always if anything, the more inarticulate of the two, said nothing at all. The short strong grasp of their hands, however, reassured me. I found out afterwards that Oxford, where they lived, was a long way from Dover, and that very few people would meet a visitor by coming all the way to the landing stage.

A porter took my suitcases. They had a car waiting outside the station—a big comfortable car that ran like cream over the smooth wet roads. They did not seem to think it necessary to explain anything to me, but I had to say, "I am going to London—perhaps I could find lodgings there—?" Then Eunice spoke for the first time. She said in a shocked voice, "Oh, no! You are coming to us! Of course, if you want to—later on—you can go to London. But if you don't mind Oxford, we have heaps of room——!"

Were they quite mad, I wondered, as well as kind! What better place could there be in the world—than Oxford? My eyes filled with tears, and I knew that if I spoke I should not be able to control my voice, so I tried to smile instead. After a long moment I found that my eyes were shut, but I do not think I had fainted. I quite well remember getting into the back of the car with Eunice, and a porter lifting in my suitcases.

The soft wet wind blew against my face; and out of the mist that still hung over the land, I could distinguish gentle, huddled trees above green earth. The spring was far advanced, the colouring of the woods and fields might have been an Austrian June—it was so fresh and full of life.

I do not know for how long James drove us through the open fields and the small villages that grew into little towns, and fell back again into that soft misty greenness, before Eunice said, "We'll stop at Sevenoaks for tea—it's my mother's home—but she's away on a visit so there won't be anyone there!"

From the first, Eunice understood that I was like a raw egg—quite unable to stand the pain of new approaches. Sevenoaks was a town turned into a garden, and the house we stopped at stood in a garden of its own full of late summer flowers. There was no harshness in their gaudy red and yellows because of the soft light that rested on them. This island light seems always to come between you and the sharpness of things.

"England", I said looking round me at the garden and the rolling hills, "is a country without edges!"

James, shutting off his engine, laughed and said, "Well, we do rather like slipping in and out of things without cutting ourselves."

Eunice opened the front door, which was not even locked. Servants, of course, I did not mind, especially not the English kind of servants, who did not look as if they noticed you any more—if as much—than the plate of thin bread and butter they put upon the table. We had brown and white bread and butter, potted meat and honey, jam and three kinds of cake. I thought, "I must write and tell Klara what a feast they had prepared for one insignificant stranger!" And then I remembered that it was Klara who was now the stranger. A dog turned up from somewhere and helped us a great deal.

"The first time you came to see me," I reminded them, "we spent the whole time talking about my sheep dog, Luchs."

"Yes, he was a grand fellow," James agreed, "pity that we have that heavy quarantine law so that you couldn't bring him with you!"

I didn't tell them that I'd found Luchs hanging under my window with a paper round his neck on which was written, "Jews *are* dogs—they have no need to keep them!"

I had already begun to edit my memories, and to say to myself, "This you *must*—" or "This you need *not*—tell them."

The one question I dreaded had to come sooner or later, and I

almost welcomed it when it did come—in order that it might be over. It was Eunice who asked me in a way that gave me a chance to say nothing but “Yes”—which was all I could say—“Your wife and Andreas are all right with her family, aren’t they?”

I said, “Yes”, but I am afraid I held on to the arms of my chair while I was saying it. They never asked me any more questions about Klara or Andreas. But they wanted to know whether three hours more in the car would tire me.

“I don’t feel as if anything in the world would tire me again—” I told them, “not at any rate in this country.”

They both looked away from me—and from each other—in that curious embarrassed way they have whenever I say anything to them that I mean—with emphasis. That is another thing I notice that the English seem to be without—emphasis. No edges—no emphasis. It will be better if I make a list of all these differences.

“He speaks English rather well for a foreigner,” James said to Eunice after a pause, “—makes everything a damned sight simpler, old boy—all round!” and he smiled his funny little twisted smile—as if he wouldn’t let himself be amused, for fear of giving himself away—even to his own thoughts.

“But it couldn’t be simpler, Rudi,” Eunice said turning to me with her gentle urgency, “to have you with us for as long as ever you care to stay—it’s what we’ve always wanted!”

“Just till I get some work,” I muttered guiltily, because you feel guilty when you have no work, “it would be heavenly to be with you.”

I don’t say that a weight was lifted off my mind although I only had twelve marks with me, and as far as I could see, beyond selling my gold watch and cuff links, no particular way of getting any more; but the lack of money was only part of the trouble. My real relief was that I didn’t have to make any fresh arrangements about anything so totally uninteresting as my life.

His life is not a thing about which a ghost can be expected to take much interest. Just to stumble back into the blessed silence of their car, and be carried along through moist floating space without so much as lifting a finger, was a sort of dull felicity.

It was growing dusk when we reached Oxford.

We have cities in Austria that are as beautiful as Oxford perhaps—Salzburg and Innsbrück—Vienna itself—are still as beautiful; but this was not like a city. There were elms and rooks among the towers and ancient buildings; the old walls melted

into gardens. The narrow congested streets led straight to meadows, or to the side of a silvery winding stream that they told me was the river Isis. I never saw so many young men on bicycles before either—except in Holland; but there it was not *only* young men who rode bicycles, so that you did not have the feeling of picked intelligent youth tumbling over each other in a stream flowing towards the future—or is it towards the past that this stream is flowing?

Looking at their young faces, as they slipped by us in the waning light, I found myself urgently hoping that it was towards the future.

"These faces," I said to Eunice, "are each so different from the other—I find that very exciting!"

She looked surprised for a moment and then she said quickly, "Oh, I see what you mean—they haven't that drilled-into-sameness look of American gunmen like the Nazis. I once saw a Nazi film——" She stopped as if she were afraid of hurting me.

"But we *must* talk about the Nazis," I told her earnestly. "I shan't mind—in fact I'd mind far more if we didn't! It's one of the things I came to England for—to talk about the Nazis! You see you *can* only talk about them—while they are not there!"

James spoke in his half-soothing, half-sardonic drawl, "But of course we'll talk about 'em!" he promised me. "We'll talk about everything under the sun—that's what we've always done with you, isn't it? Why I remember dragging my soul out by the roots as if it were a turnip, and handing it to you to look at—and you put it in again very neatly with a nice little trowel, as if you didn't think it very different from any other turnip! Have you still got your little trowel, Rudi?"

I heard a sound as if someone were laughing. I suppose it must have been my laughter, since the sound hurt me. It is curious when you begin to think things funny again; and know that they are not.

We began to climb a hill that had substantial houses on each side of it, standing each in their own grounds—like all English houses, as far as possible hidden from their neighbours. We stopped outside a blue door in a wall. A gleaming white stone house stood at the end of a crazy pavement stretching between high box hedges.

I had to remind myself, "There will be a child in that house!"

I think they had not meant me to see Rosemary till the next day; but she showed herself. She stood at the top of a flight of



stairs leading into the hall, with the light on her fluffy yellow head like the down on a young chicken. She gave a high squeal of rapture at their homecoming.

I was glad she was a little girl, and except for the colour of her hair, not like Andreas. She was, I knew, younger.

"I'm coming down on myself!" she warned us—and very nearly did; but I caught her before she fell. She did not seem to mind the arms of a stranger. I was just—as I hoped to be in that house—a convenient way in which to reach her mother and father.

8th May 1939

**I** find the Next World very difficult to believe in—even though I am there!

Its superficial resemblances to my former life are so misleading—work and food, sleep and speech, go on as usual, and yet nothing in me grips them—or is gripped by them. All the processes of life slip on me or off me, like the water that slides off a duck's back.

Yet the differences are certainly a relief.

Instead of harsh rigidity—a mild vagueness; instead of shattering sounds—silence; instead of a wall of hate—the spacious formlessness of an almost universal good will.

There is no stress at all under this particular roof. James and Eunice go about their business as if it is not merely nobody else's, but hardly their own. When they leave the house it makes no perceptible difference except that I am alone with the Child. Rosemary is fortunate in both her parents. James, who shows a great respect both for his own will and for the wills of others, does nothing to violate or drive the will of his only child.

Eunice has perhaps suppressed her own individuality a little too vigorously, so that Rosemary has less to learn from her mother's reactions to her behaviour, than is normal for a child.

But to possess a mother, who is as impersonal as a draught of air and as unspectacular as a drop of water, gives a child a wonderful field for its own creative and controlling powers. Nevertheless Rosemary has her own difficulties like the rest of us. She

resents that her mother, having taken complete charge of her till she was two years old, has now restarted her work as a teacher, handing the child over to the care of a nurse.

Rosemary has developed a trick of constant attacks of acidosis in order to meet this problem.

Instinctively, a child realizes the anxiety of its mother that it should be nourished.

Food is a symbol of life; it was not for nothing that that great teacher, Jesus Christ, on the eve of His departure from this world took bread, and breaking it, gave it to His disciples, saying, "This is my body," in order to show them that he was now leaving His very life to be shared by them.

Deep in every woman's heart—deeper perhaps than anything else—is her desire to provide food for the being she loves. When a woman has ceased to make a man happy, she will still try to make him comfortable; and she will be even more sharp in her passion to satisfy the needs of her child.

The child, therefore, when dissatisfied, or anxious (perhaps the man also—for what are men but children of a larger growth?) reacts by refusing to take this food from the woman.

Either he will not eat at all, or if he eats, he cannot digest—or else he will not take what is provided for him but asks for different food.

Rosemary has reached the stage now, whenever a new nurse appears (and as they are all failures, many new ones appear) of automatically replying by an attack of acidosis. By this illness she achieves two objects. She receives instantly the full attention of her mother who promptly gives up her work to nurse her; and she makes things quite extraordinarily difficult for the interloper.

I have set myself the task of relieving Eunice of this anxiety.

A ghost is a good attendant for a young child. Rosemary finds me there like a shadow, without the pressure of a personal substance. I only remove, if it is necessary, some of the perils that beset the path of her experiments. Usually I try to show her how to overcome these dangers for herself. She prefers this—since she is a courageous child. She is already attaching herself to me though I have only been here a week. I do not think she has any great affection for me, nor is such an affection necessary when you are young. You love more, that which you can control, and Rosemary knows that she cannot control me; but she seems to have a certain confidence in me because now when she comes into any new situation she looks round her immediately and demands, "Where's man?" and if I am absent, she turns away from almost

any pleasure, however promising, until she has retrieved me; then she takes no further interest in me, which is as it should be. I look after her therefore, and I work in the garden, also I am learning how to typewrite.

Yesterday was Rosemary's third birthday.

Perhaps she had even from the first too much excitement. I had made her a doll's house with electric lighting. Eunice had bought the furniture and a family of little dolls. Her father had provided the contents of a farmyard neatly painted in wood. Beyond the fact that a cow and a cock were of much the same size, nature had not been falsified in their reproduction.

It was a perfect summer morning, and Rosemary took the day like a bird. After we had each had our little success with our indoor offerings, she ran out into the garden, to be met by the boy Edward, who presented her with a tall white tulip in a pot. This was the peak of her rapture. Something that grew—that was beautiful—that was hers—how can we tell what reaches swiftest the core of a child's heart? But we know when it is reached! I watched a little anxiously the opening and shutting of her hands—her whole being vibrated and trembled with ecstasy. Edward planted the tulip in a bed of its own, which he told Rosemary was to be her garden. She was to have complete charge of it and I left him explaining to her what care it would need.

Rosemary often plays alone in the walled garden, while Eunice is at her work; and one of the maids in the house is supposed to keep an eye upon her from the windows.

It may have been an hour later, that I looked out and saw the tragedy happen.

Edward had gone home to lunch, and it had occurred to Rosemary left alone with her treasure, that she was responsible for its well-being, although Edward had already supplied it with everything a plant required.

Time is nothing to a child one way or the other—they live in eternity. "Now," Rosemary must have thought, "I have to do what Edward told me—I must water this flower immediately, or it will die!"

Unfortunately Edward had left a full-sized watering can upon the path, nearly as large as Rosemary herself. It was a miracle of effort that she succeeded in carrying it across the little terrace to a tap in the wall. What it had cost her to reach the tap, and turn it on—for it was stiff—I dare not think, but she had succeeded, although she had not been able to turn the tap off again, and had wet herself to the skin. Somehow or other, she then carried

the can full of water across the sun-baked terrace, to the bed of the white tulip; and then while I looked on in dismay too far off to stop her, the whole contents of the can lurched forward over the doomed flower.

The proud, beautiful head, shook—sagged and toppled over into a muddy pond at its root. But I had no thought to spare for the fallen tulip—the real tragedy was in Rosemary's eyes.

The whole of joy—the whole of security—that inner confidence upon which Life itself is built—fell with that tulip; and Rosemary had caused the fall.

She knew herself responsible for the death of what she loved.

I never moved quicker in my life than down the stairs, to reach the child. She stood, stiff and silent in her horror—with the water still pouring over her—and her eyes transfixed with grief, bent upon the broken flower. But when I reached her and caught her up in my arms, she buried her face upon my shoulder; not to see it any more, although she wanted me to see it.

"Look!" she cried between her sobs. "Look!" and perhaps that I was there to see it with her, comforted her a little.

"You see it was too much!" I tried to explain. "Edward was right—water is good for tulips, but not too much!"

But this did nothing to lessen her agony—if indeed it reached her understanding. A less sensitive, a less loved child, might not have thought it so terrible to kill a flower; but this child did. Nor perhaps was it only that the flower was dead—and by her act—that most troubled Rosemary. Edward was wrong. How could she ever trust anyone's word again? She did not doubt that Edward—like herself—had acted in good faith. In no sense had this accident altered her love for Edward. She moaned in her grief, "Poor Edward! Poor tulip!"

Edward as a garden divinity, had, as far as Rosemary was concerned, ceased to exist. A god that cannot control his own laws, is himself in danger—so is his worshipper.

Cats could eat birds; birds could eat worms; anything could happen now to anybody—in the sunshine, under a blue sky.

I felt that I held Austria in my arms, when the Germans occupied her—and the Democracies dare not even try to keep their promises to save her.

Rosemary stopped crying very quickly; but the joy had gone out of her day; and nothing could replace it.

That night the illness started, for a week acidosis played havoc with her. Rosemary was as ill as a child can be, and recover.

"There are two things we can do to fight any return of this illness," I told her parents, on the first evening when we were sure of her recovery. "One is to give her more courage; and the other is to make her less precious—and one to some extent depends upon the other."

"You must explain," James said, lighting his pipe, and smiling at me, over it, so that I saw he already half understood what it was I meant. But Eunice would not understand. She set her brave lips rather more firmly than she need have done, and blinked at me through her glasses as if she did not like looking at me, which I could well understand. Eunice always keeps her reluctances out of her speech, but they are none the less visible.

"Rosemary has recovered physically," I said after a pause, "but she is shaken, because such an incident can knock the bottom out of a child's universe. You think she showed great courage and initiative in dragging that great watering can to and fro to water her white tulip. Certainly she took her responsibility in earnest and her conscience was good. But to make such frantic efforts—to feel so responsible, was in itself a sign of mistrust. She did not think Life could even look after a tulip for half an hour, till Edward came back. She had to take everything upon her own shoulders; and she had to do it at once.

"It is true she did exactly what Edward had told her to do. She watered the tulip in order that it might live; and she watered it to death. So we all do, when we try to manipulate Life, rather than find out what Life itself demands of us. All that courage—that obedience—those great efforts, resulted in the exact opposite of Rosemary's intention. So the German nation to-day desires to spread light over all the world—and spreads darkness, because it does not realize, and has not had the confidence in Life itself, to find out what the world asks of it. To find out what Life demands of us—and to train ourselves to fulfil these demands—that is a long and humble business!

"To force upon Life what we ourselves happen to possess—is, so we sometimes think, an intelligent short cut; and it is not only Germany that will have to find out that it is not intelligent! But of one thing I am very certain—that the Germans as well as Rosemary will live to see their white tulip—the 'Kultur'—that the best of them seek to spread—mysteriously, viciously, cruelly die—by their own hands.

"That too will be a solemn tragedy—though you will not find any Austrians or Poles that will greatly regret it—perhaps not enough!

"You may think this incident for Rosemary is a little thing, but I assure you it can lay her moral universe in ruins. Rosemary is now in the same position as Germany was after her defeat in 1919, when Hitler first began to take advantage of her great weakness; and subsequently of ours. Whatever you tell Rosemary to do, will seem to her dangerous; and if she does not do it, she knows also that it may be even more dangerous. This is a time in a child's life for wrong decisions; decisions in her inner life that you will not even know *are* happening.

"She may say to herself as I think she did to this illness: 'Why not then be so ill that no further efforts are possible? Even if necessary? Why not be ill whenever things become too difficult for me?' She is too young for such thoughts? But *is* she? What do we know of the thoughts of a child? Must they have a vocabulary? For that I grant you she is too young, but those thoughts can govern her nevertheless, without words—they stir in her blood—unspoken impulses of fear, reducing her powers of resistance, to any poison that seeks to invade her. And Eunice is a perfect nurse. How wonderful to be nursed by Eunice—who will otherwise teach strange children and leave Rosemary face to face with the horrible experiment of a *new* nurse—who not being a mother—is far from perfect!"

James's smile broadened. Men are always jealous of the attention a wife gives to a first child—they like to see it attacked by an outsider; and sometimes they are right—although jealousy is seldom a wise guide. Eunice's lips took an even straighter line. "Do you mean," she demanded, "that I should not nurse my own child when she is ill?"

"That would be difficult," I admitted, "and I would not ask it, for no nurse is better than a skilled mother such as you are; but when the worst of the illness is over, as it now is, I think we should make her convalescence a little quicker by making it less inviting! I should advise that we leave her alone now, and cease to amuse her. Also I think she should have the care, but no more the special privileges, of her illness. Then she will not stay delicate quite so long, and she is less likely, when a fresh conflict comes, to revert to illness, as the best way out of it. We have now to start an education towards courage. Adler used to say 'The only good education for a child is an education towards courage'."

Eunice frowned. "You speak as if the child was not brave enough," she protested, "but I think she is only too brave—she has no fear of anything! I have tried to keep her so, because I know that you always thought I did not trust life enough, but I have sometimes thought it a mistake!"

I laughed a little both at myself and at her—for I knew that Eunice takes too much pains over everything; and I perhaps too little—but over some things, such as this plight of Rosemary's I am prepared to take great pains.

"She must not be too precious," I told Eunice, "but do not think I wish her to be less loved! Only you must not be selfish about this business of loving—give Rosemary *herself* more of it to do, that is what will increase her courage! It must not be easy loving either—like she gives you and James and even myself. We do not challenge her enough. She should have someone of her own age—who will quarrel with her as to who is to have a yellow cow and who the red. Even I—a stranger—am quite useless because I am indifferent about the colour of my wooden cow. Another child is not indifferent! If she mixes with other children she will cease to be a queen! The one child of a household has always a court; and is always being protected by someone. Rosemary must fight for her own status, on her own feet, with her own equals—then she will feel both less threatened and less precious!"

Eunice ceased to look so severe, but she was still searching about in her mind for fresh objections that might still keep her in control of her loved object. James took his pipe out of his mouth and said:

"Well, what do you propose to do—to lessen this Queen Complex? We cannot invent a family in a week or two, even if I earned money enough to support one! Tom has all the money in our family. Eunice and I are supposed to have the brains; you should have lived long enough in this country to know that brains are a drug on the market. Nobody wants them, except those who have already got them, and can seldom afford their upkeep."

"What I would suggest would not cost you money," I told them. "All that is necessary is to start a nursery school for children under five, here in this house; and if you have no other teacher in view, I will teach it. After all, I know very well that you cannot reinstate me in my own profession at the moment—but the study and understanding of children is at least as vital as any other part of a human being—and I will gladly undertake it. Half a dozen children from two to five will be enough for us, probably their parents could afford to pay us ten shillings a week each for the full morning hours. I would—if they live in a near neighbourhood—collect and return them to their homes. I could then pay for my board and feel independent. I too must not be spoiled. What do you think of this plan?"

We discussed it all the evening and they thought well of it.

In the end Eunice went even further than James, and pursued with unflagging zeal a search among her friends for the children.

Now this little school is established and running with success.

At first Rosemary was flurried and hostile. I had to make her understand that she was not dispossessed, her home was her own, and only shared in the morning with the other children. Then she became too important as a hostess and wanted to arrange all that they did—where each one was to sit, and so on, but this the children themselves reacted against sufficiently strongly, so that I did nothing in the end but watch Rosemary adjust herself gradually to *not* being the centre—"the middle-point" as we used to call it in Vienna—of every occasion. It was difficult for her of course, but companionship soon makes up for this loss of central significance; and Rosemary becomes every day more hardened to the world—that would I knew have been tougher still for her, if she had come to it isolated and exceptional, expecting all to be roses, mother-love, and appeasement.

She has her rights; and I see that she gets them, but she must fight for them like the other children—and if now and then, she gets out-fought, she must learn how to fight better next time.

I know that James and Eunice are trying to re-establish me in my profession although they do not speak to me of their efforts, for fear that they may fail.

The occupation of foreign doctors with their different habits and their faulty English is a difficult problem, and one that any Refugee ought to be able to understand. The behaviour of the German Refugee doctors during the first persecution of 1933 accounts for some of the General Medical Council's intractable rigidity. They admitted quite generously nearly two thousand of their German colleagues who in return—many of them—behaved with their usual German egocentricity. They undercut the prices of their British colleagues; forced themselves upon the practices of other men by tricks and subterfuges; and often when positions were obtained for them, threw these over at a moment's notice to go to better-paid jobs in America.

The General Medical Council—in fact most of their fellow Islanders—seem hardly to be aware that Austrians are no more like Germans than they themselves are like Americans; even less like—for Americans are sometimes an improvement upon their Anglo-Saxon heritage, when it *is* Anglo-Saxon, whereas I must



say it—though it sounds like conceit—Germans are seldom an improvement upon Austrians. Einstein or Thomas Mann can be cited against me—but Einstein is a Jew and Thomas Mann a genius. Such people have very few, if any, national traits.

When our Austrian persecution started in 1938 after the Occupation, the General Medical Council refused to open its doors again, except under such conditions as rendered the re-entrance of all their most famous Viennese colleagues into their profession, almost impossible.

Of Freud, who was dying, they made their one generous exception. But he had only time and breath enough—old hero that he was—to make a last joke before he died: "Now at last I will consent to say, 'Heil Hitler'," he remarked when he saw the home and garden prepared for him by his English hosts.

Julius Bauer, the greatest gland specialist, and one of the best teachers in Europe, could not even continue his research work in Great Britain without passing, at fifty years old, a students' examination in midwifery in a foreign tongue which would have taken up at least a year of his life! England lost him to America though he asked for nothing better than to devote his whole time, and every gift he had, to the country he loved.

Löwenstein, the discoverer of Anatoxin, lived from hand to mouth in London while his old friends fought for his right to work. They did not obtain it. He, too, was lost to England and went to California.

Heinrich Neumann, our throat and ear specialist, a big burly Czech peasant—universally famous—was first imprisoned by the Nazis and when ultimately released (though his surgical instruments were confiscated), died; thinking it, I imagine, hardly worth while to go on living in such an unworkmanlike world.

It did not occur to one of the generous rich men of this country to start Research Fellowships in connection with the Universities, or to endow any Institution for the homeless scientists of Vienna. What a marvellous future such a research hospital might have had—started by these picked Viennese scientists' co-operating with the heads of the British Medical profession!

To their honour, James told me, both the Regius Professors of Oxford and Cambridge as well as many individual heads of the Medical and Dental professions—with a still larger proportion of the rank and file—offered us strong support.

But they fought the General Medical Council in vain.

When people are not individually responsible for their actions, they cease to practise any disinterested morality.

So we of Vienna, who led Europe in our profession, are now rendered useless to our English friends. We can give no contribution to the country we long to serve. We who were the children of Science and had thought her to be the universal source of Truth, have found her upon these shores, a constipated British Nationalist.

Many of us became embittered by these restrictions and inhibitions; and by what ultimately followed from them—the suspicion bred in the mind of the ignorant, against all refugees.

But I shall try not to sink into a morass of envy and self-pity in this diary, since I have a feeling that the heart of the British has not yet been reached. These people live far down beneath a surface of privilege and security. One day Hitler's bombs will reach their core. The crust will break up then and we shall find authentic fires burning—not of Hitler's making! Fires, which will in the end destroy both Hitler and the selfishness which was the true cause of Hitler's wholesale power.

James and Eunice are like most of the thinking people in Great Britain, greatly disturbed by the blindness of their Politicians—but not even James and Eunice are disturbed enough. I find everyone we speak to, expecting War; but since no-one wants it, the Politicians filled with the selfish arrogance that has already wrecked Europe, believe that they can avoid it!

Their War preparations are on a par with their wishdreams. They have perfected their air raid warnings, James tells me, but refused to prepare any shelters, in which those they warn may achieve safety.

Fear, rather than the courage which earns its own security, is the Leader of British Policy—and since their War strategy follows this aim, it, too, is weak and fearful. Perhaps the little neutrals are not so silly after all when they refuse the form of collective insecurity *now* offered them, rather than what they asked for *before* Hitler was equipped to strike them down!

James tells me that the Rulers of England have been gradually smoothing out and deadening the truth for years, gagging the Press and deafening the people by telling them that there need be no War—or alternatively that if War is thrust upon them, it need only be an economic one in which flesh and blood will be spared—though why Hitler should provide himself with thousands of tanks and aeroplanes and a whole galaxy of lethal weapons in order *not* to destroy flesh and blood, has not been explained to them by these golfball thinkers! I watch with rage and horror, these beloved and threatened Islanders, who are our

only hope still—and their own! I forget that I am dead—how foolish I am to speak of hope!

If the War were over and the last German had retreated to his own borders, should I return to Vienna?

Never, now—not for my own sake or Klara's, or the child's, but because every stone is slippery with shame and broken faith—because I could never look at St. Stephan's tall spire without tears.

There are some things too terrible to have happened until memory itself has grown into thin air. In the Campagna about Rome even now the ghosts of long-forgotten crimes jostle the wayfarer. They talk of "Roman fever," and this fever has baffled physicians for many centuries. Those who once take it, are always liable to catch it again. Well, now there will be for certain men a "Viennese fever"! And it will not be safe for travellers who are sensitive to germs from the past, to linger in her streets or visit her Palaces. I would not wish them burned or destroyed, for many people are immune from such attacks; besides, I am not a pessimist. I can believe that men may in the far distant future, reconsecrate Vienna by love of their kind—and by the acts of love. But for me they cannot do this. For me the desecration will last as long as I live.

I had a strange experience to-day. James and Eunice took me to a party.

There has been a mission from Poland sent to London to find out what their new strong ally is prepared to do for them.

The Poles want a loan of eight million pounds as well as aeroplanes, tanks and guns. It seems to me they are a little late. They should have thought of these requirements before Beck jockeyed France off the inside lines; and fouled that good horse, Czechoslovakia!

The Poles are a brave and romantic people who have never known what co-operation means, nor what other people are up to.

Now they have a new rich friend and expect her to hand them over the moon, without knowing that the substance of this moon has precisely the nature of green cheese.

I do not like parties any more but I consented to go to this party given to the Polish Mission by James's rich friends in Berkeley Square.

When you go inside such a house you see why England allows herself to be ruled by obscurantist humbugs. It was museum-rich. The food was the best in England, the wines exquisite; and there

were speeches made about how nice the Poles were and how brave and valiant England expected them to be. I enjoyed listening to the speeches because they were really humorous—but not so funny for the Poles. The name Sienkiewicz was of course mentioned. The young Poles ate what they could get hold of; and looked glum. When they found I was an Austrian, they got me into a corner where we could not be overheard—or understood—if we were listened to, since we talked German—and demanded to know if the British were completely mad or wholly insincere?

"Do they not know," one of them asked with passion, "that we are *doomed* if they do not act immediately—and give us all the help we need? We can fight *with* them but we cannot fight *for* them—and the Nazis are at the door! What have the British got—for us, or for themselves? Yet when we ask them, they refer us to the City and when we ask those in the City, they talk to us of Security! It is to Hitler they should talk about security—God knows no Pole has it!"

Another told me, "Last night we were taken to a meeting of young men like ourselves. They were debating whether, if War should be declared, they would fight or not! They were *men*—young ones—like us! What do they think will happen to them if they don't fight for England—that they will escape fighting? Not at all—they will be made to fight for Hitler—or else be murdered! Once Hitler gets in, they will have no souls to call their own, and no tongues they can use to talk about them! These English fellows are not drilled—or armed! God—have they never seen, or heard or smelted a Nazi over here?"

"Not for what he *is*," I told them; "only for what he *isn't*. Ribbentrop has been here."

"Have the British gone Nazi in their sleep?" another demanded. "Will they sell us out?"

"I think not," I said. "Some of them might—a Dean here—a city magnate there—but not the country. The country, whether you believe in them or not, has men who, once awake, will fight till they have only bones left to fight in. I can very well understand your feelings, but I do not share them. I believe that England will fight—and fight to a finish; but, alas, about one thing I agree—she has not yet started! Go home. Prepare to shed your blood—perhaps in vain—but remember that England will soon stop her lying and hiding, because this that you have seen—these kind ladies and gentlemen who entertain you with pity and champagne—represent in the end, nothing but themselves. You have not seen the real England—she is, as usual, hiding

behind her little hedges in the damp fields, or at work in her great factories, or digging under the earth for coal, or facing the seas and all that is under the seas, upon her merchant ships. This is a great England—and she still exists; but you will not find her in City Offices, or in these drawing-rooms. Perhaps she has not yet found herself—but Hitler will find her!”

“For us—too late!” they said in a chorus round me.

I did not say to them, “You also are too late—for your brothers, the Austrians and the Czechs!”

To-night they go back, these Polish boys, with nothing but a stunned sense of having to choose between suicide or slavery. It is to the honour of Poland that they will choose suicide. But perhaps hardly to the honour of this British Government that she is offering them an alternative that she knows does not exist.

How brave that tall white tulip looked before the floods drowned it!

### 3rd September 1939

**T**hank God, it has come at last! All this year-long feverish tossing from side to side of a sick bed is resolved into the healthiness of cool decision.

Hamlet speaks for these Islanders at their every crisis, through the voice of Shakespeare. From the moment I landed, I seemed to hear him say:

*“But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here  
About my heart.”*

Now instead I hear, as clearly as one can hear in our mountains of Tirol the voice of a waterfall at midnight when the frost releases it—the bell of action.

*“We defy augury;  
There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.  
If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come,  
it will be now;  
the readiness is all.”*

War in England has the silent quality of growth. It has broken like a slow dawn. As the darkness thins, I see the blurred

faces grow clearer and find that all are turned in the right direction.

There will be no retreat now. No politician can for long deceive these attentive people; or dare betray them. This is what I came for—this is what I believed in—this is what made me die every death—except the easy one of oblivion. I am content at last. I am among them. I will give them all I have.

Yet there is still reason to fear because none of them know yet, how tremendous—how equipped—how singleminded is their enemy! But a reasonable fear is an ally to a fighter! Such fear knits the heart rather than unravels it; and I believe that no enemy however tremendous, can now tear this aware and living tissue from its rock.

The seas roll between England and her enemies; and astride the seas are her sons.

Hitler has made two mistakes—mistakes that come from the natural indecency of his corrupted heart. They are both psychological mistakes and therefore will be fatal. Hitler believes that enduring courage can arise from hate. It cannot! Enduring courage arises only from love. Hitler has taught his docile people how to hate—these indomitable people here will teach themselves how to love. Also Hitler has forgotten—if he ever knew—that the British are by religion, sportsmen.

A strong animal easily devours a weaker animal; but it takes a very strong and a very astute animal to destroy a hunter.

I have not very much admired—nor do I now—those sport-headed men of Britain, who merely hunt, shoot birds, and fish as if their lives depended on it—when they do *not*. But a country where the love of sport is the deepest instinct is an active and courageous country.

Every one of those forty-two million Islanders thrills to a risk—and they thrill in common. Down go their class barriers, their blind arrogance of privilege; even the smug selfishness of the rich! The people of Great Britain thrill together, aim together, face in skilled unison together, the Beast of prey that threatens their homes and the inner freedom of the hearts that built them. I even think to myself, "I am glad their homes are so uncomfortable; that they are always going out into the garden; and do not know how to cook——! Because of these things, they can endure hardship!"

It is strange, too, how in a few hours their faces have become alive; and their conscious chilliness has melted away from them.

Now they look at each other with bared, friendly eyes. They have indeed much to shake off—and much to awake from—these merry Islanders; but they will be clean when they are stripped. They will be dangerous.

"We may as well stick round the radio," James said to me rather apologetically on Sunday the 3rd of September.

The french windows were open. James employs a boy to help me work in the garden. He spends most of his time watching birds and playing with Rosemary; but he is a nice boy, and even comes in Sunday mornings to help me water the flowers. This, he was doing now, as the slow sunny minutes ticked blindly on.

Our suspense was like a colic. We had spasms of it, and in between looked at each other in premature relief.

Eunice was, as usual, the quietest; only once I saw her hands open and shut, when there was nothing in them.

We were afraid that there might after all be *no* Declaration. We were afraid of a wrong Declaration. The Poles were already three days gone in their mortal agony. The heart of France within Daladier's closed fist beat intermittently, and faintly—like a dying man's.

Eunice slipped away at the last moment into the kitchen. She and the cook came back hand in hand together. James beckoned Edward in from the garden while Big Ben was still striking. Rosemary went on playing by herself on the sunny lawn with a toy set of gardening tools I had given her. I watched her yellow head bobbing up and down like a transmuted speck of dust in a sunbeam. I reminded myself that to keep that bright dust moving in the light, was what we were fighting for.

Mr. Chamberlain spoke. His meticulous, stinted voice hammered the stillness to pieces. At this hour he spoke well—or else the hour spoke for him.

But I believe the veil that has for so long obscured his eyes has at last fallen.

I have often said to myself, "If they really see—these British Politicians—they will try to stop what Hitler is doing!" but after watching them for a long time, I had to add—"If they know how to look!" We are, after all, responsible for what we look at, since there is something behind the eyes that look, which alters the shape of any object to our vision—although the object itself is unalterable.

When the Declaration and the speeches were over, the people all over this little Island sang, "Oh, God, our help in

ages past." But I fancy that as they sang, they changed their minds about God; and realized that His help would come only from the hands He had made for that purpose.

They also sang their King's song. It is very fine to mix music and the heart itself; since one is the true speech of the other.

The child went on playing in the sunshine with her back to us—building up her wise dream world. I was glad they kept her out of the World that was responsible for War.

The two women looked frozen together where they stood. James spoke first. Edward had a bewildered expression, and kept glancing at James as if for reassurance. James was smiling with his eyes and one corner of his mouth.

"Our time, Edward," he said to the boy, "but not Peace in it! Well, it wasn't the *Lord's* Peace that we were having anyhow, was it? I expect we've got to patch that Peace up for ourselves later on—you and I!" James was twenty-nine and the boy seventeen.

James did not look at his wife, but I did. I am in the habit of looking at Eunice first, when a thing happens, because I have never seen her think first of herself. She didn't now. She said to the cook, "You know, Jane, your young man is such a good signaller that I feel sure they'll keep him in England!"

The cook, who had become angry—as most uneducated people become when suddenly moved or surprised—said, "Well, Mam, I must say I thought Mr. Chamberlain would keep us out of this!"

Then everyone went about his usual business.

We spent the evening, after the nine o'clock news, discussing Rosemary's acidosis, and how to deal with it.

There seemed no use talking about what the Nazis were doing to the Poles.

15th October 1939

I do not write often in this diary because things happen very slowly here. There is no War yet—except upon the unquiet seas. Often I feel myself to be in a "slow-motion" picture. We take a jump—the British Empire and myself—but remain in the air, until all notion of where we shall land, is forgotten.



Corruption is stealing through the divided mind of France, while Hitler eats into its shaken heart. Soldiers who do not fight paralyse the people they are there to defend; and I believe that France is becoming paralysed behind the Maginot Line.

"An economic war is enough!" the myopic rulers of these two great Democracies still shout across the Channel to each other. They have not even confidence enough in themselves, or in each other, to tunnel the Channel.

Does a defenceless householder win an economic war against an armed burglar?

It is laughable—if what must happen should these two fail to defend themselves were not so horrible.

These soft autumnal days are as gentle as the smile of the old, when they are happy.

Is not Oxford the soul of England? A little commercialized with its red brick edges, within its splendid monuments—somnolent, ripe, secure?

Every time I walk through its narrow streets or melt into the college gardens, I feel afresh how benevolent, how wise, through what twists and turns of unconscious beauty, these ancient people have preserved the best gifts of their private lives. Each stone has its single history. Men, always brave and often wise—but somehow different from other men upon the mainland of Europe, have ruled here—and been trained to rule, by the profound unrigid wisdom of unspoken laws.

There are no names upon these colleges. A stranger cannot find his way about in the streets or between their walls. But here strangers do not matter—except to themselves. After all, they can ask; they can be told; the others know.

In the end I find myself thinking, "How different *ought* men to be from their brothers?" Is this what we are fighting this War to find out? It is surely part of it; since there are two wars going on in the Democracies; the War against Fascism, which is a Lie; and the War against isolationism, which should no longer be a Truth; and some of us get confused between these two issues; or some of us take one side and some the other. We have not the same Faith. But the Nazis have only one issue—their war against isolationism is already over. They fight to maintain and spread their Lie—which is also their faith—that the German people should have the command of the whole world; and since theirs is one issue only; and an issue of Faith—it makes them dangerously strong.

Rabelais said: "Science is wisdom; conscience is a greater wis-

dom; if there should come a time when these two should be divorced from each other then Hell would be let loose on earth."

Well as I see it—this War is the Hell in which men have ceased to believe; and it is let loose upon the earth—because science *has* been divorced from conscience.

When I wake in the misty mornings and look out at these mauve grey colleges, their mullioned windows and ivied walls, their lawns smoothed out by centuries of easy living, I ask myself if I am not already living in a dream—which will be to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow—merely a memory perpetuated perhaps, by Hollywood.

Have not I—and all the poor rats with me left our sinking ship, only to postpone our doom? For is it not humanity *itself* that is sinking?

And then I go downstairs to breakfast—the English breakfast. Still bacon and eggs upon their tables, and toast and marmalade; bad coffee if you can drink it—or if you can drink it, good tea.

Eunice's little attentive tilted face, smiling up at me behind its twin mirrors—James giving me a curt nod, entrenched in *The Times*. Then Rosemary dances in, all curls and laughter; and eats the tops off our eggs, singing her way through a new world, which does not exist for us—and may not—for long—exist even for Rosemary. James has been asked to leave Oxford to take on the Turkish and Arabic broadcasts for the B.B.C. so we discuss living in London, and omit to point out to each other that there may not be a London in which to live.

But Oxford—I doubt if I could explain even to James that there might be no Oxford! I go on eating my breakfast after Eunice has taken Rosemary upstairs; and James reads on, having handed me Eunice's paper *The News Chronicle*, considerably across the table. But I do not read papers at breakfast, having no train to catch. I go on thinking instead how different this university city—and Cambridge its twin brother—are from Paris say, or Heidelberg—or Vienna. You cannot imagine Frenchmen studying here for long—Oxford is too quiet—too remote for a French brain. It has no fierce brawls, no national current running through it. It is not beaten against by the street wits of Paris. Here the towers of Oxford's churches influence still what goes on under its college roofs.

Yet Oxford is not blinkered as German universities are blinkered by student corps or the spirit of militarism. Nor is it always open to the movement of men's minds in their café lives, as we

Viennese always had our student days, so that we did our best thinking to the smell of coffee.

The training of men's minds, and the personalities that rule these minds, produced the psychological schools of Vienna. Freud and Adler sprang fully armed from the cafés; and all the thinking men of Vienna—writers—journalists—young politicians—joined their wits with those of these two great dynamic beings.

Perhaps Freud caused Fascism itself by disrupting the entire intellectual life of Europe, with his vicious question: "Why should I love my neighbour?" There was dynamic poison in that sentence; but a Europe that was not rotten would not have been disrupted by it. The iron of defeat and hate was still hot when Freud struck that bitter question out upon its anvil.

Europe was in the habit of forcing its libido towards hate and death; it was not yet ready for Adler's counter-blast. "There is a *Law* that man should love his neighbour as himself!"

The tragedy was that Freud himself—though a Dictator type, was big enough as a man, to finally adjust to the lessons of Life; and honest enough to admit that in the first élan of his great psychological discoveries he had been wrong—or only partially right. Adler he never forgave, or admitted to have been right—but Freud nevertheless came to believe before the end of his tortured existence, that man must be trained towards Social Interest; or die in his own blood.

But the Oxford scholars took no part in this great struggle. I doubt if they knew that it was going on. They continued to pigeon-hole their knowledge as if it bore no relationship to their personalities—or to life itself. They resolutely turned their backs on the future; ate their great dinners; told their ripe jokes; polished the jewels of their scholarship. Except for a few brilliant heretics—such as James and his friends—these twin universities remained precisely where they were, when Edward VII was their unwilling student, until another Edward two generations later, became another still more unwilling student—finishing his education more happily in the trenches.

James laid down *The Times* and said: "Now I must catch my train. There's no news." He looked at me speculatively with his raised intelligent eyebrows as much as with his keen unrelenting eyes.

"When it comes it will be bad," I told him bitterly.

"It *must* be bad," James agreed in that voice which is as soothing as if he were saying his prayers.

After he had gone I went out to bring my babies to their nursery school; and on my way I met Nathalie Winterstein.

It is curious when you first meet a fellow exile. It is no comfort to either of you.

I had last seen her at a *Redouten-Saal* in Wien, where she and Klara were the chief beauties.

"I think—it is Rudi!" she said and burst into tears. I took her by the arm and led her out of the busy High Street, into a little stone alley where people seldom passed.

There we sat down hand in hand, on a low wall, though it was a little damp. Still we could not afford a restaurant, and there was nowhere else to go. It was very private and still, sitting there together in the autumn mist.

There she told me all that had happened to her since we last met. She is alone here, with Willy, who is now nearly five years old. Our good old Fritz—Nathalie's husband—was beaten to death in their flat opposite the *Votiv Kirche*; because of Nathalie's escape with the child. He had been very clever, for he had put a little money into the Bank of England for them, and got them out safely into Switzerland, before the occupation; but not quite clever enough. It seemed he had stayed a day too long to wind up his affairs; and the Nazis caught him.

When she had finished telling me everything—how her old mother is safely in Switzerland now—how her father it seemed died of shock—and how she has had to give the money to the old mother to live on, and is on very short commons herself, I ventured to ask her, if she had seen Klara since we parted? They were bosom friends; and though Fritz was a full Jew, Nathalie had only one grandmother tainted.

She said, "Yes, I saw Klara once." She hesitated a little painfully, then she said: "Perhaps she did not see me."

"Did she look unhappy?" I asked her.

"Not exactly," Nathalie told me, "she looked—hard."

"When one lives in the company of stones, one should be hard," I told her—I did not ask her about Andreas.

I took her address before I left her, and that night I told Eunice and James all about her.

To us, I mean to those who are called Refugees, any other exile is an object of immediate solicitude. We are safe. Some of us like myself are even comparatively speaking—in Heaven. Must we not then share our Paradise? But also must we not remember that our safety has been paid for by our English hosts; and that those whom we solicit, must pay still more for the safety of another person?

The government of this country—archly through its Minister—has referred to a "crack in the door" through which a few chosen

Refugees might be pulled, by the great exertions of a few private good samaritans. Neither the Church nor the State were at all prepared for any form of less limited Christianity; so the Refugees did not have as a rule too easy a time of it. Some of them were interned; some were sent without wives or overcoats to Canada; and some were drowned in the *Arandora Star*. They were also herded together with Nazis, which they had reason to dislike even more than the Atlantic Ocean, or a Canadian winter without an overcoat. Some of them committed suicide like Stekel. I was therefore a little nervous before I appealed to James and Eunice about Nathalie and little Willy; partly that I did not want them to say "no", nor did I think it likely that they would—and partly because I did not wish to urge them to say "yes"—as I feared they might, since that created fresh expense for them; and was for me, a fresh obligation.

But I need not have hesitated. They said, "Of course. What shall we do?" with the desire to do everything possible. It was therefore easy for me to say, though still a little painful, that Nathalie, who was also one of Adler's students, could do for the children in our nursery, just what I was doing. I did not want to give up the children—since apart from the money—they were a great creative interest to me. I thought of them—and indeed treated them—as a New Europe; and I taught them—on that Law of Adler's—through their acts, their games, their every occupation, to love their neighbour as themselves—not better—but as well. Nor is this so difficult as you might think, with children under five years old.

Now I must find something else to do; and the activities of Refugees are highly suspect to the British Government. You are even forbidden to land, if you express the desire to work for them.

For a fortnight I tried to translate Heine—which is always impossible because it looks so easy; and read out loud to the blind. This is an activity that I enjoy because the blind are practically the only people who know how to listen.

A few weeks later James came back from the city looking more cheerful than usual. "Rudi", he said to me after we had finished supper, and Rosemary had been put to bed, "my brother Tom is, as perhaps you remember, Treasurer to X Hospital in London. I have for some time—even before you took up the children—tried to get consent for you to work in their Research Department. At last the permission *has* come through. I can't get you a salary even now, but there is a visitor's grant that will cover your travelling expenses and even provide you with a few

shillings pocket money. Whether we go to London ourselves or not, we shall have heaps of room for you—so from our point of view nothing could work better." I did not say anything. I buried my face in my hands. Dante was wrong—the stairs of an exile are not too steep—they are too easy—and the bread not too bitter—it is too sweet. James left the room but Eunice sat by me. By and by she asked me, "Rudi, has James ever told you about his brother, Tom?"

"I know that Tom Wendover is an eldest son," I replied, "and that he has a big place in the West Country; and a rich wife whom neither of you like, so that you seldom visit him. And of course, when I was working with James, I realized what this elder brother—with all the family possessions—and full of manly excellences—had meant in his life. James secretly adored his elder brother; and was still more secretly much depressed by him."

"Yes," Eunice agreed. "James *was* discouraged, of course, but, as you used to say '*innerlich*' James is much stronger than Tom. Tom is just one of those striding persons, whom everyone is afraid of—but he is most of all afraid of himself!"

I took my head out of my hands in order to explain better. "Probably he never goes near himself," I said. "That is why he is afraid. It is always the Unknown that frightens us. Most of all—what is unknown to us—about ourselves. I once knew a young girl who nearly drove herself mad because she was so afraid that if she met a danger she might not be brave. 'Until you can meet the danger of not knowing whether you'll be brave or not,' Adler told her, 'you will certainly fail, if you have to face any other danger.'"

Eunice smiled. "And if we know ourselves," she asked, "do we then become brave?"

"Well," I said, "if one takes all that trouble—one has learned something! To be *less* interested in oneself for instance, and to be less vain, makes one much less frightened. What a price to pay for a little self-knowledge—to be less interesting! Is it any wonder that so few of us are willing to pay it?"

"Tom is vain," Eunice admitted reflectively, "and he's not a bit interested in other people—that's quite true. Least of all—at the moment—in Frances—that's his wife. I don't really dislike her though, Rudi—I only don't see how to get on with her—she runs over me like a lawn-mower runs over a daisy!"

"You should not be so easy to run over," I said a little severely—for it is true that Eunice is, especially when she dislikes anyone, deceptively insignificant.

"James does *really* dislike her," Eunice went on, keeping my reproof to herself, "because he thinks she does Tom so much harm—and of course she does." Eunice paused, and then added, what really touched her most, as if it were an afterthought, "and there are the children."

"*Little* children?" I asked, for I had forgotten how much older Tom was than James.

"No, that is the worst of it," Eunice explained. "They aren't little any more—they're noticing everything—and of course taking sides. Gillian is nineteen and Adrian eighteen. They haven't the ghost of a chance really to find their way about in life. They've been falsified by their parents' tempers and buried under special privileges ever since they were born. Adrian—being the only boy—is the most spoiled. He has great sapphire eyes like his mother's; and he's vain and hard—much harder than Gillian. But perhaps I don't understand boys as well as I understand girls. You might think that Gillian was harder; but anyhow she's not vain."

"You love this girl—Gillian?" I asked her.

"James and I both love her," Eunice agreed, "but I admit she's difficult to know. You see what emotion she has had has always hurt her; so naturally she takes precautions against having any fresh emotions or even showing those she already has! She is not, I think, at all at home in the world. Perhaps she is not unlike what I used to be, Rudi, before you taught me that Life was a friend—and not an enemy."

"Did I teach you that?" I asked incredulously. "Well—I think it is true—though I have not experienced it."

We were both silent. I was trying to remember what I used to think and why I used to think it. It must have been something like Wordsworth's—my old idea of life.

*"Serene will be your days and bright  
And happy will your nature be,  
When love is an unerring Light  
And Joy its own security."*

Joy is not its own security now. But perhaps this truth was limited even when Wordsworth lived. Life is not careful of her single specimens—only of her Laws. Of these she is careful, and they are universal. If we do not accept them universally, we cannot expect safety. The *whole* world must learn its law of love "unerringly" before one man or woman can be—for even a fragment of a lifetime—free from torture or disaster.

"You were not hard," I told Eunice, smiling at her, for I saw that she was looking at me anxiously, "and you always had courage—that amazing Ariadne thread of courage that some women—women like you, Eunice—always carry about with them—a thread too strong for anything to break, and which brings them safely out of all their difficulties in the end. Let us hope this girl Gillian also possesses the Ariadne thread. But why do you tell me so much about these people?"

"They have got into a specially bad sort of tangle," Eunice explained, "and James and I have been thinking you might be able to help them out of it!"

"Eunice," I said, "pupils often go a great deal further than their teacher. It was not I who taught you that when a man is bowed down with gratitude, you should free his heart, by giving him a chance to serve you!"

Eunice flushed and turned her head away from me, as she still does when she is talking about anything she feels deeply.

"No, no," she murmured. "Only naturally Tom means a lot to James and me, and so do his children. If you are working for Tom's hospital you see—sooner or later—you'll get in touch with him, and then he's sure to ask you to stay at Silver Fountains! I can't tell you any more just now because that's James coming back—and he hates talking about his family—but of course he wants you to *know*—though perhaps not just yet!"

I too heard James' footsteps. Men may deceive themselves and others by their words, but seldom by their physical characteristics. When a man walks down a passage, shakes hands with a friend, or laughs at a joke—he gives himself away. A man who shuffles, who tramples, who creeps, who tosses his footsteps away from him, is showing you just what he is. A man with a false laugh is not wholly true; a man who cannot shake hands with hearty goodwill is certainly more or less hostile to other human beings.

James' footsteps are always lifted a little higher than need be, as if he wanted to make quite sure where his foot is going to land, before he puts it down. On uneven ground this might be a wise precaution; but the passages of this house are flat.

I did not think he would be ready to talk yet, with me, about his brother; and his brother's difficulties.



20th May 1940

I have waited for six months for James to speak to me about his brother.

There is a stir of evil things in the air. The planned tragedies of Norway and Finland have drawn to a slow finish. The Democracies did nothing much to help about them. They could not; and—while they struggled in vain—I left the private record of my emotions unwritten. To tell the truth I acted like Hagar when Ishmael was dying in the desert, I found myself repeating constantly: "Let me not see the death of the child." And I shied away from any sort of self-expression. A cowardly prayer as I have always thought, and quite useless, for the eyes of the mind see, not only all there is to see of evil—but not being on the spot, often fail to see what there is of good to counteract it.

Churchill arose out of the effete blundering of Norway; and out of Finland sprang the splendour of a small nation's unbeatable courage. A little light to lighten the darkness of the whole world. Finland was equipped—ready—alone. She was *not* taken unaware by her great Enemy; and she made a miracle out of her defence. She fought unaided, and won her own hard-bought security. She has been in a sense beaten, but she is herself still licking wounds that are just not mortal.

Russia has crept back behind her new frontiers, having won Stalin's game; but spent rather more than he meant to pay over the candle.

The blundering Democracies just failed to make a fatal blunder—by walking into the trap Hitler had no doubt helped to prepare for them. They left Russia alone, exasperated, but not incurably attacked by her natural allies; to think over her next move against the Nazis. It is true the Democracies had to sacrifice Scandinavia and the low countries, who have no faith left now even in themselves; but I do not see that Great Britain and France could have done otherwise; under the leadership of Munich they had grown too used to the sacrifice of others.

Now at last this country that I love, is free to act from its own nature and to sacrifice if need be—*itself*—upon the altar of Freedom.

Never in my life have I seen a stranger or a grander thing

than Churchill ruling over the hearts, as well as over the persons of his countrymen.

How did he get there—in one bound? He—so long ignored except by his enemies—! Was he always dumbly loved—powerlessly longed for? Who has put him where he is? What hidden wave suddenly weakened the shelving sand of his appeasement foes? Not the act of War, for then he would have taken the place he had earned by his prescience on 3rd September 1939. Not the long drawn-out decrepitude of this past year's phoney fighting—for that was the mere pussy-footing of the city gangs in Paris and London, forced against their own wills to meet Hitler as an enemy rather than to greet him as a friend.

Was it that last vainglorious ineptitude of Chamberlain's "Hitler has missed the 'bus!" slapped back at him by Destiny? Who can tell the cause? No outsider can know the heat at the centre of a Briton's heart—perhaps not even the Briton himself knows it.

Suddenly one day there is an explosion—where no-one knew there was a fire.

A voice caught up an old and living word of Cromwell's and threw it across the floor of the House like a javelin: "For God's sake go!" and that poor, self-complacent little nut-cracker—doubling up under the blow, found itself hollow, and sank into its own ruins. "J'aime Berlin" as the French used to call him, never so to speak, moved again. Yet I believe he loved what he thought was England. He even believed that he himself was a symbol of the land he loved; and indeed he had some reason for his faith, for it had seemed that Britain *was* behind him while he sold us out for safety—and the Czechs—upon our doorstep.

But Britain had moved away on tiptoe from him after all—under the cover of darkness—without either her friends or her enemies being aware of it; and after Norway, Chamberlain found himself a man without a country. There was Churchill instead with Britain massed behind his broader back. She had chosen this great personality and fearless representative, when she herself was at last prepared to say "No" with her blood. But how England got behind Churchill—or why she was not there before—a poor devil of an Austrian will certainly never find out! James and Eunice say when I ask them: "Well—that umbrella—the things Chamberlain didn't say—it reassured most of us—we thought 'Well, thank God *he* couldn't be a Dictator'; and then he promised us the smooth things we knew we all

wanted—for we *did* all want them—peace—prosperity—to be left alone—only we forgot that we should have to pay for them. Some of us thought that Chamberlain being a business man—though nothing else—might be able to fix a reasonable price with Hitler and Mussolini, and so no doubt he might have been able to fix one if he had had another business man to deal with. Unfortunately he was no crime expert—and it was criminals with whom he had to deal”; and when I say “But what made Britain think after such a criminal record as Mussolini and Hitler had already shown—that she was dealing with anything *but* criminals? Is a man only a criminal if he attacks *us*—after having destroyed—spectacularly one by one, with monstrous efficiency and publicity—friend after friend—while we sit staring at each other and gasping: ‘Am I my brother’s keeper!’”

One can say these things to James and Eunice, because they know they are true; but even *they* cannot explain to me how they have ceased to be true. For the people themselves *have* changed. Churchill is England! All men *are* brothers! Even I—in my new Laboratory life, find myself a brother!

It is six months since I started my work in the X. Hospital.

That first day I was so nervous that I could not work. I was like a man when life has been too suddenly restored to him. In fact that is what I am, for my life has always been my work.

I cleaned test tubes; I checked retorts; I sterilized instruments and laid out plates—I said to myself “I know nothing! I have forgotten everything! I am no longer a scientist!” But the smells—the reactions of mixed chemicals, the faint odour of the Bunsen burners, soothed me like the voices of old friends.

I arrived—that first day—so early that there was only a servant in the Laboratory; and he was of course a little suspicious of me with my foreign accent. But by and by a colleague entered. He was polite to me, he showed me where I might work and what instruments I could use, and left me to my own devices. I felt like a new boy in a school. All day long, I watched what the others did; trying to take in their ways and their customs without showing any of my own. Under my fright I was happy—and knew that I should soon feel braver. Nobody noticed me; but now I am used to being left alone in this country and no longer resent it; because I realize how much they themselves like this feeling. It is a compliment to a stranger when an Englishman takes no notice of him. It is as if he said: “You are one of

us! You need no help!" Yet how ready he is to come to your assistance if you ask it! He only does not want to insult you by supposing that what he knows by heart, is unknown to you. For him it would be a lasting disgrace that he should not know where to hang his hat; or how to address a superior or an underling. He does not wish such shame to rest upon you—stranger though you are—so he shows you only what you have asked; and swiftly removes even the witness, to your ignorance. But after he has removed himself from you, and because he has told you what you needed to know—a bond has been established. Next time he meets you he will speak.

It is not difficult to know these Islanders. It is only difficult to *get* to know them.

One might perhaps have supposed that since it was by his influence that I was working in the X. Laboratory I should soon have met James's brother—Tom Wendover. But though I have worked here now for six months—and I believe that he is often in London—I have never yet set eyes upon him.

"Does your brother avoid me?" I asked James last night on my return home. "I hear to-day again that he has been at the Hospital—but he has never so much as put his nose into the Laboratory where he knows I am working. And yet I do not think that they are dissatisfied with me there!"

Eunice was putting Rosemary to bed, and James and I sat over a wood fire in his study. These early spring days are light and cold; and curiously long. I find myself shivering even over the fire—but perhaps I am not really cold—it is only Rotterdam.

"Well, he wouldn't," James said eventually, referring to Tom. "I mean he is no expert—why should he bother you? He's only there to sit on some governing board or other. But it's funny your bringing this up to-night. He *does* want to meet you. I had lunch with him to-day—and he told me something I've got to put before you—but you needn't do it, you know, if you don't want to—Eunice hates the idea—and I don't like it much. Still, they're all I must say in a devil of a mess down there at Silver Fountains. I can't help them out—but perhaps you can. It's like this——" After he'd said it was like this, James proceeded to do almost everything rather than tell me what it *was* like. He poked the fire; put on fresh wood; lit his pipe; marched up and down the room with his hands in his pockets; took them out; fiddled with the black-out; and at last having got rid of all possible postponements sat down in his favourite chair—and with exquisite gentleness dislodged the cat; took out his pipe,

sighed deeply and murmured: "Love—how any sane, middle-aged, *occupied* person can fall in love—under the present circumstances—beats me to imagine! One would think Hitler was enough!" As I knew that James and Eunice are fathoms deep in love with each other, and since there is no possible point where their aims differ—likely to remain so—I felt at peace. James was distressed but he was aggravated rather than agonized. His deep-set, colourless eyes rested on me with a gleam of humour. "Can you see any excuse for it?" he demanded. "Middle-aged people," I remarked cautiously, "are much the same as other people. They have more obligations than the young—but the same emotions. Besides perhaps Tom—if it is Tom—wants an antidote to Hitler! I should suppose falling in love might be a good antidote to being wrapped in hate."

"Well—it is Tom, or I shouldn't bother," James explained, taking up his pipe again. "I mean it's normal for Gillian or Adrian to lose their heads or their hearts—or both together—and none of our business what they're up to at their age—but to break down family life—and for a girl it's impossible he can marry, and unthinkable he shouldn't—if he's making as I fear he is—serious love to her—well, it's serious for everybody, isn't it—and we've got to do something about it! Of course I needn't tell you it's entirely Tom's wife's fault. He's had nothing of a marriage from the start; and I suppose when you get over forty you feel time's a bit short, for picking anything up—but where on earth do you suppose he's started looking for it? He's had the idiocy to fall in love with a young girl—who's the clergyman's wife of his own parish! If you knew what that meant in an English country place! She's got two kids under six too; and says she's in love with Tom. I can't believe it. I don't think Frances knows, mind you. But it's a queer thing—in however bad a married life, how little you can hide anything being wrong with you, from your partner! Frances doesn't know who it is—but she feels it's something. She has gone all over ill—with God knows what; and sent off the family doctor with a flea in his ear. Nobody knows if Frances is dying—or merely trying to put the whole family on the spot. She might be doing both simultaneously. I wouldn't put it past her; anyhow, Tom suggests that you join Barrow at the Plymouth Lab. and carry on your research there. He's heard all about what the X. men think of you in London—and he's keen as mustard on keeping you at your own job, so you won't lose by it. He'll put you up at Silver Fountains and give you a first-class screw, for any help you can give to Frances. Of course I've just thrown in this love business for what it's

worth. It might have nothing to do with it; but Eunice thinks it has."

"I remember once telling Adler a malicious patient of his was in love, and he said, 'Against whom?'"

I told James, "Perhaps your brother is in love now *against* his wife—if she has cheated him. Has she been—or is she now unfaithful, to him?"

"How can one tell what unfaithfulness is—in anyone but oneself or one's own wife?" James intelligently asked me. "I know when I'm being unfaithful to Eunice. I'm unfaithful when I like looking at a girl without eyeglasses; and I should know at once if Eunice were unfaithful to me. I remembered getting terribly agitated when she took a fancy to the Apollo Belvedere at the Vatican. We went to Rome for our honeymoon and I said, 'I can't see why the devil you want to look at that statue for so long—I have a good torso too!' There are these moments; no doubt in every real relationship. But in a good marriage one gets over them quickly. I knew Tom was in trouble—but I gave him six months to sweat it off. Now it's over six months, and Esdaile—the parson-husband—is on his hind legs. I rather like the parson; and he wouldn't get on his hind legs easily. Most of the time he's thinking about God—but it's a pity the girl he's married is at least fourteen years younger than he is—!"

Eunice came in then, and we discussed Rosemary, and the babies. I have not ceased to be as interested in them as when they were my chief work; and as for Rosemary—I think I must confess that she is my greatest friend. This is no disrespect to her parents—but they have each other—whereas Rosemary thinks I was made entirely for her.

At last I said, "Well—I will sleep on this new project. You are offering me money to do a thing which I am very unlikely to be able to do—and I am now doing something which I *am* able to do—without money—and I must admit I infinitely prefer doing it!"

They looked at each other, and then smiled.

"Well," they said, "only *you* can do this other thing——" and I saw, because after they'd said this, James stopped smiling, that they wanted me to do it.

4th June 1940

**T**he incredible is happening. Somehow or other Dunkirk is being evacuated! The stunning explosion of the Maginot myth has *not* broken the B.E.F. It is coming across (as the British say in that dangerous but splendid phrase they so often use)—“somehow”. The men are pouring over—not in tens, or even hundreds, but in tens of thousands. Almost the whole of the British fighting power is being saved, by her sea units.

So great is the miracle that this astounding island has already ceased to observe that miracle or no miracle, Dunkirk is a defeat. The men are saved; but their fighting tools are not.

Truly this is not a military-minded people!

James and Eunice see further alas! They have the bitter powerlessness of the intelligent minority. They know very well what each loss and failure means—and in what direction they are leading. We do not speak of it much to each other—all assemble at the hour of the chief radio messages—eight o'clock—one o'clock—nine o'clock. They go about tight-lipped and spartan all day giving me, and each other, when we meet, their grim humorous smiles, as if they said each time they passed a comrade: “Well—we have something within us stronger than hate!”

To such people the death of the body is but a cruel incident. No-one can kill the spirit—they cannot even demoralize it. Not when the spirit is undivided, and confronts the final issue. Torture I have taken care to see that none of us shall meet. If the Nazis win, we can all four die—the child without consciousness, even of death. I have also provided Nathalie with what is necessary for herself and Willy.

It is wonderful what a calm this brings to the nerves. Now we can attend with concentrated faculties upon *not* letting the Nazis arrive!

We live precisely as we did before danger had risen above our horizon. Every evening when I return from London I go to see Rosemary before she sleeps. Sometimes she says her prayers leaning against my knees. She gives us this privilege in turn, as the fancy takes her, but I notice though she adores James, who is her favourite play-fellow, she chooses him for this particular favour less often than myself.

Perhaps she senses that James despises the idea of a Deity whereas Eunice and I would—had we any authentic information upon the subject—welcome it. Both of us even as it is, accept the Christian ideal, whereas James has a sort of cold disdain towards all Religions, including the one he invariably practises.

Rosemary enjoys her prayers, and firmly believes in this pleasant invisible guide, to whom she talks night and morning with her usual freedom and enthusiasm.

As this is my last night at home, Eunice suggested my putting Rosemary to bed—as I often do if the others are busy—alone. Her prayers took their usual course. She mentioned the death of a goldfish that had happened during the day, an act I think she took as showing carelessness on the part of the Deity; and she reminded Him that there were two others in the pool in the garden, still open to His ministrations.

I am relieved that Rosemary has slightly altered the sequence of her prayers. She used to insist first, "I want man back——" referring to my leaving the babies to Nathalie. Now she is reconciled to Nathalie and prefers Willy—a silent and likeable boy—to any of the others; and has put off her request for my reinstatement, till the last.

We took two celluloid ducks and an alligator into the bathroom with us. Perhaps I shall remember as long as I remember anything, this June evening, when the last of the B.E.F. must be streaming back to their homes from that inferno, with eyes amazed at the sight of their untouched serenity.

Rosemary has a perfect little body—each limb is in due proportion, and blooms with care and health.

There may be children this evening as beautiful upon those fatal motor roads of France; but I hope not. I know ugly children can suffer just as much, but there is a point beyond which I refuse to let my imagination go if I can help it.

No alabaster vase holds light with the same bright flush as the rounded body of a child, holds the blood that gives it life.

Rosemary has no ounce of superfluous flesh over her shapely limbs, but everything about her curves, as a rosebud curves cleanly into itself. She has a straight back; on her neck the little shavelings of her golden curls, lie flat against the whiteness of her skin. Her legs are finely formed to hold the body's slender weight; her feet are as beautiful as her small clutching hands.

I persuade her to do everything possible for herself; and to-night I watched with pride the careful skill with which she



handles the small cake of soap I bought for her, putting it back in its own dish, when she has finished with it. Naturally she soaped both the ducks and the alligator, after she had soaped herself.

We filled the bath towards the end, and I gave her a lesson in floating. The sight of her own body rising upon the water, and lying securely upon it, with only the touch of my hand under her neck, filled her with awed delight.

The drying I have to take a hand in, but while I dried her; she dried the ducks.

She is a most active, energetic child; and completely fearless.

I remember that Andreas would not let himself float. I think he did not believe only my finger could hold him up. Little girls are more courageous than little boys, because they take for granted what little boys first try to prove to themselves—that life is favourably inclined to them.

I had made up my mind to take this last evening as if it were *not* the last, so that no hint of adverse emotion could reach the child. We laughed at all our usual jokes with as much appetite as usual; and even invented fresh ones; but after she was in bed with her Teddy bear on one side of her and her rabbit on the other, Rosemary suddenly asked me, "Man—is there going to be anything sad in this room?"

I pretended to look under the bed for this strange animal "Sorrow". It was not there! Nor in the cupboard! nor anywhere I looked, while she prompted me; till I proved to her that it was not in the room at all—but still she looked at me dissatisfied; and when I bent over her to kiss her good-night, she clung to me, and whispered: "It's in *you*!" So she knew my secret, and would not rest until I had pretended to take it out of my pocket, and laid it under her pillow. "Now it will go to sleep," I told her, "this bad dog sorrow—and in the morning when you wake it will be gone."

I found Eunice downstairs sitting alone, by the open window, for it is one of James' late nights in town.

The little garden was quite light, and we could see the tall blue delphiniums, standing like towers, against the pink flush of the sky. The birds were calling their last short messages.

We took out the map of France, and traced in the lessening light, where the French army were retreating.

We tried to believe France might not fall; but I think we knew it had already fallen.

We Austrians have always a special feeling for France. I do not say that I prefer her to the rest of Europe, but when I see

among all the flat mediocrities of Potsdam, the bust of Voltaire on Frederick the Great's table—I know where I belong.

I used to spend my holidays in France—it was there in the Vosges, and once in Provence that James, Eunice and I took our tours together.

I had worked also for two years at Salpêtrière; so that I had known always what was happening to France. She had been conquered long before the German Army crossed her frontier.

Laval had conquered her in Abyssinia; and Chamberlain on the frontiers of the Rhine.

One can say that she has been beaten by herself with the help of her friends—so that the mere shadow of an enemy was enough to turn this secret defeat into an open rout.

On one of my visits to Paris, I came face to face in the Louvre gardens, with the terrible statue the French nation abased itself by putting up after 1918. They called it "La Victoire". So shockingly vulgar and trivial is this little block of stone and so alien to the lost spirit of France, that I felt myself blushing as I looked at it.

It was as if an artist had taken to represent his country not a mother—but a prostitute. But perhaps he had to take it, for artists must produce truth—perhaps France herself had chosen a prostitute to represent her? It was for no such Victory that French boys, with their white gloves on, died at Verdun.

"Is it true," I asked Eunice, "what people over here keep telling me that you prefer Germany to France? I cannot believe that you do not love best, the most tragically intelligent country in the world!"

"James and I love France," Eunice said slowly, putting down the map, "though we loved Germany too—what we *thought* was Germany. I know you never did—you used to say that a goose-step was the most dangerous form of acrobatics in the world. I suppose we didn't take it seriously, that goose-step. But we always took France seriously. She is not easily understood—one has to love her as it were, without understanding her. I think I can see why our unread, untravelled people *should* prefer a country that they know is cleaner, tidier—perhaps more honest—and a good deal less intelligent! Besides uneducated people always suppose the French are immoral. They do not realize that French immorality is merely what the French people provide for us; because we wish to have it on their side of the channel."

Eunice is very rarely cynical, but I have always noticed that when a woman is cynical she often speaks the truth. James on

the other hand is cynical when he wishes to avoid speaking the truth. "Besides, there are the politicians," Eunice went on after a pause. "They have betrayed us into a sort of appeasement tenderness for Germany. This has been going on for a long time. We are a simple people and really know very little about foreigners—so that Hitler could play on us, as he chose, egged on by our own leaders. Besides you must admit the French themselves as represented by Laval, Flandin or even Daladier, have not given us objects to love! I had always hoped Reynaud——!"

I too had hoped Reynaud——!

"Well," I said, "I suppose it was a case of a right man too late—or perhaps only a man who would have been right with sufficient support. The support is not there, and I believe that he has a mistress who wishes France to be beaten. Reynaud is a man who has few men friends—none of equal capacity to himself—such men are generally at the mercy of a foolish or wicked woman. France as a country has the same character—she too stands alone and has few friends. Such people, or such countries—accept bad advice very readily."

"But Churchill, can he not still save her?" Eunice whispered.

"We have to save ourselves," I reminded her. "No-one else damns or saves us—though many may hinder or help us on our way to damning or saving ourselves!"

"I know," Eunice murmured, "you told me that long ago when I was desperate! I loved James so much too much—but I didn't know how!"

"He loved you too," I reminded her, "and didn't know how; but you both took a good deal of trouble to find out! France and Britain avoided such trouble. They did not love each other enough to find out. Neither would give the other what he most needed. Neither fully trusted the other. The British naval treaty with Germany shook the confidence of France. Laval's swindle over Abyssinia broke the confidence of Britain. They patched up things on the surface, but you cannot patch thin ice—any unexpected footstep may always go through."

"Then you think," Eunice asked in a voice I heard shake for the first time, "you really think France *must* fall?"

James had come in without our noticing him. As I looked up I saw him swaying like a drunken man; but I knew he was not drunk. "To all intents and purposes, France *has* fallen," James said; he still held his hat in his hand, as if he could not give up something he could crush.

I have seldom seen a man suffer an impersonal pain, as if it

were a personal one. The fall of France ravaged James. He was not thinking of the safety of this Island, nor even for a moment, of Eunice and Rosemary. He was thinking solely of France.

"Tom says," he added, sitting down with the careful stiffness of an old man, "that he has seen Vansittart—well Vansittart knows everything. Behind the tinkle of teacups at the Foreign Office they've been crushing him to death to keep him silent, all these bitter years. Well—now it's England that will be crushed to death—by these same little men!" He looked at Eunice accusingly, as men always look at the wives they love, in sudden adversity. Is it not she who gave him all the joy in the world once—and is she not forever after responsible for all his pain?

Eunice got up, and came back with drinks and glasses. It is not the custom to drink alcohol in this house, but to-night we all drank it, and were thankful to feel physical warmth at least come into our cold hearts.

It was a curious, long evening, because we said so little. James sat quite still and stiff, with the veins standing out on his thin temples, as if his arteries were seventy years old, and not only twenty-nine. Eunice shivered from time to time, although it was a warm and chill-less evening.

As for me, I did not feel anything very much—for me the fall of France was an anti-climax.

I had seen Austria sold out and raped before my eyes.

France only came through the same gap made in my heart.

If Austria had tried to save herself even as much as France, I could have borne it better. As it was, everything had fallen for me on 11th March, 1938—even France.

But I have hope now. I know the country I am in will fight on. Drugged; stupefied by lies; and unequipped—she is still a fighter. The strength is there—the blind strength of Samson—the swift agility of David. I put my trust in these people. A country dies when, like France, it has retreated till its back is against a wall. But Britain has no walls. Her first and right impulse is to take—and keep—the seas. The issue of this War is whether she *can* keep them.

We spent the hours of the last evening in saying things to each other like "What is to happen to the French Fleet?" We measured Weygand. We took out the map again. Neither Weygand nor the map were very encouraging.

Finally, we went up to our own rooms. All three of us had forgotten that it was my last evening. But I remembered when

I found myself alone. No man ever had better friends than these two are to me. It is strange that I should have forgotten even for a minute that I am to leave them.

The moon shines on, with its serene exactitude over this small sweet-scented spot. Below my window are the towers and walls of a dream city.

Curious that Oxford has not meant more to me than it has actually meant—I shall miss the sinks in the Laboratory, more than I shall miss these ancient monuments. I have dined in halls; I have heard the famous choir sing. I have talked with wise old scholars in evening dress over their rich port; and all the time I have been saying to myself; "The Nazis are at the door!" and when I tried to say it out loud, they stared at me as if I had said something that was indecent—and not even true. No—I do not mind leaving anything here but my friends. Nor have I found anything else here. In London in the Laboratory I worked again. But even that has never been vital to me! What is vital is how I can reach these men and women, and make them understand! I do not mean only understand the Nazis—but *themselves*! It is *they* who are really their own danger—the Nazis are the mere opportunity—presented to them a little suddenly, in order to prove if they can meet the real danger or not.

1st July 1940

I am writing in the train on my way to my new task. I did not say good-bye to Rosemary because we thought it was better to avoid a parting scene, but I left her Andreas' cuckoo clock. I bought one for him last Christmas in Switzerland. The cuckoo had a really good musical note; and Andreas used to watch the hours for its appearance.

When I found Klara had not let him take it to his new home, I wanted to smash it to pieces under my feet; but then I had another feeling that it was perhaps for my sake that she had left it. The child had loved it and she had left me nothing else of his; so I packed it carefully in my collar box; and when I came on it, when I was re-packing last night, I thought it might soften the parting for Rosemary.

She is interested in birds and Edward is teaching her all their different notes, so that it will act as a kind of messenger between

us; and I shall remain in her mind, not as a friend lost, but as part of this new interest.

Ghosts do not like to change the place and people they have been haunting. Naturally in spite of my hopes for this brave Island I fear the Nazis may at any moment act in some bestial and incredible way with all their stirred-up strength; and that this unprepared and peaceful people may be taken by surprise.

There is not much limit to the Nazi power now they have the pillaged resources of Europe at their disposal, and the terrible prestige of their victory over the Maginot Line.

What can stop them now? Only England herself—this small Island!

But the British are a curious people. They took Dunkirk as a victory though it robbed them of at least forty thousand men, their whole military equipment, and their great ally, France. Dunkirk *was* a miracle; but it was not a victory!

"Now we know where we are!" they say to each other to-day smilingly; and where are they? In the Jaws of Hell—and alone against the Devil Hitler and all his company!

I am glad that I persuaded James to take a cottage on Hampstead Heath instead of a city flat, before I left them, because if they bomb London, Eunice and Rosemary will have a better chance with the open country round them; and he is determined to take this new work, which necessitates a move to London.

Personally I am very fortunate to be going to the West of England, which I have never seen, for I hear it has hills as well as the sea. A man who has been used to mountains all his life feels strange when he lifts up his eyes and finds the sky empty. I suppose too that the Nazis may be taken a little by surprise over their own success; and delay their next onslaught.

This train is passing through many small cities without distinction, but soon we travel into fresh fields; and now there are the Downs—soft, green hills, round and low, but quite empty—except for here and there a little village dropped like a child's toy.

Even while I write, all the earth has turned a bright and vivid red and we come to the coast again. It is the red of the Dolomites after rain, and the formation of the rocks is a little like our smallest mushrooms and chimneys among the foot-hills.

The sea is the colour of churned turquoise—and there is not a single sail on it. How these Nazis have dehumanized the world!

*Midnight: Silver Fountains, Fittleham.*

There is no news to-night. France has the Nazis' hands about her throat. She will not speak again.

I cannot sleep for the thought of all I have seen and the people I have met. They tingle together in my head! It was late afternoon when I arrived here.

First I saw this great pile of buildings, gleaming between the trees, set high on a little hill—and then it vanished. It was as if the house faded suddenly into the side of the hill. I suppose it was only that the road twisted. But to see it so plainly like a great pearl hanging there against its green setting—and then nothing—it gave a shock to the heart. You cannot take your eyes from all the things that grow in this West country, and there is always a sweetness in the air—so that not even the scented lilies of Corsica can be sweeter.

I do not like the house. It is too large for private persons, like some great luxurious prison or hospital—but unused. There are people in it of course—but they get lost.

I cannot imagine James ever liking it, nor has he spoken of it to me, except once, to say that he was thankful it belonged to Tom.

I cannot believe that I shall be worth what they have offered to pay me, even in the short while that may be left to me to serve them.

No member of the family received me, but a manservant took my suitcases immediately to my room and wanted to unpack them for me, although I would not let him. I wanted to be alone in this lovely room. It has flowers in it, and a window looking out over the Park. Small and dappled deer slip between the golden trees. The sunset light is beautiful. It is much softer and less sure than our mountain light. I could not believe it was real.

You have to study the beauty of this clear-rose-tinted room with its four square windows, each holding a fresh picture, to believe in it. It is well arranged for comfort, either to sleep or to work, and only fresher and cleaner than anything but the flowers, they were so kind as to arrange for my welcome.

I was astonished at such luxury and thought how Klara would have made me enjoy it—with her jokes and her exclamations. But I must not remember what it feels like to see with a double vision nor how dull and empty all single vision seems for ever afterwards.

Very soon there sounded a little knock at my door, and when I said, "Come in", a lady entered who said she was Lady

Wendover's secretary. Eunice had told me about this Miss Fitchett—a truly devoted and good worker, the right hand of my patient—perhaps a little too devoted.

Miss Fitchett is very small and quiet, about forty years old with soft brown hair and eyes, and a little girl's kind anxious face. She told me that Lady Wendover would see me now, but that she was very ill—far more ill than Lord Wendover realized.

I saw at once that there was a difference between the husband and wife and that Miss Fitchett was used—possibly by both parties—to make this difference wider.

I followed her over deep carpets—the balls of my feet rose to their springiness, as if heather were under them. We passed through a room full of pictures with a most lovely bloom on them; and then into an even larger softer room, but I did not notice very much what was in this second room because I was looking at my patient.

There is always, between a doctor (who is a real doctor) and his patient, a direct relationship. The doctor is immediately aware of his patient's need for him and this makes him at once into a friend. I could not dislike a patient any more than a trained sheepdog dislikes the sheep he would risk his life to save.

I knew instantly as I looked into the glazed and tortured eyes of this poor woman, Frances Wendover, that I should be her friend.

In Germany there are many clothes made of glass, for until the victory over France the British blockade pressed on the country heavily. It was as if my patient had dressed not her body only—but her whole being—in a glass dress, behind which she lived, very unhappily.

She whispered as I stood at her bedside looking down at her, "I am *really* very ill!"

Miss Fitchett left us. I said, "Ycs, I can see that you are—and we will now find out together the reason for your illness; and then how to cure it!"

I could not know until I had made a physical examination, if her illness was organic, or if she were ill because she was in such a state of mental turmoil and conflict, that none of her organs could function properly.

To all patients, it is their symptoms that are most distressing to them, and every doctor should realize this fact and pay sufficient attention to the patient's account of them, even though in reality such details may be unimportant, and are nearly always exaggerated. Still, the doctor has to study first the patient



behind the illness; and almost anything that the patient does, looks or says, is a key to his personality. So I sat down by Lady Wendover's bedside and listened to her recounting all her sufferings; and they took her a long time to describe because she was arranging them in a very intricate and involved pattern, in order that I might recognize her as a heroine.

When she had finished, I asked her leave to make a physical examination; and it bore out my expectation. There was no sign of any organic weakness or progressive disease; but none of her organs were functioning normally. She had fever, her pulse was a hundred and twenty; there was distension and weariness all over her. She was only thirty-eight and had a beautifully made body, too thin and under-nourished but that of a young woman still—a young woman accustomed to every care; and supported by every luxury. Yet in another sense I do not think she had understood her body at all, or cared for it properly. This woman had never accepted her body as the blessing such a beautiful gift of nature should be considered. I doubt too if she had ever shared its beauty or enriched its life by an easy and happy life with a mate.

She had, I think—poor woman—in every way stunted and violated the morality of nature. I could tell by the way in which she took the examination I made that she resented and even despised this beautiful physical instrument; and had never learned how to use or to control it. A man who loves the working of a good machine feels injured and exasperated when he watches a bad driver dislocating or neglecting a good car by careless driving. So a doctor like myself feels when he examines a neglected or ill-run body.

When I had finished my examination I sat down once more by her side and told her that I would try my very hardest to bring her relief.

I looked at her very earnestly and with the affection I already felt for her, so that she might trust me as her friend. Her pulse actually quieted after I had said this. She looked into my eyes and saw that I respected her—and her illness.

Then I bowed, and left her.

I found Miss Fitchett standing in the corridor outside the door, her hands pressed close together as if she were in great anxiety or danger.

"You believe she is really very ill, don't you?" she pleaded.

It was almost as if both she and my patient thought that to be very ill was an achievement.

I said, "Yes, I do find her in a very serious condition and I

will do my best to alleviate it; and you, I am sure, will co-operate with me?"

This she instantly promised.

I told her that she might care for our patient by day, but that I would, for a week at least, procure a night nurse. I did not want Lady Wendover left alone at present, nor did I wish her visited by any member of her family, or friends. I wanted her to be spared all telephones, and letters—in fact, any fresh call upon her enfeebled strength.

All of these things I could see Miss Fitchett was very pleased that Lady Wendover should *not* do; but she told me at once that Lady Wendover did not like trained nurses. That I could well understand—they had a weapon that she herself had not. Lady Wendover had never been trained.

"Nurses are not all alike," I said to Miss Fitchett, "and if she is only on night duty, when I hope Lady Wendover will be sleeping, the nurse cannot be much trouble. Besides, we will give orders that everything shall be as much as possible what our patient likes, and about this you can be of the greatest help to me."

So it was arranged, and I went downstairs to find Lord Wendover.

3rd July 1940

He was standing with his back to an empty fireplace. I shall always connect Lord Wendover with the smell of leather—old, well-polished leather. Skins of animals lay on the hard wood floor; and their antlers decorated the walls. Three live dogs stood stiffly at attention near him. I found them to be well-mannered, carefully brushed and most affectionate animals—two red setters, and a black cocker spaniel; and I have every reason to believe that he is fond of them.

It was not a large room, and Lord Wendover and the dogs seemed to fill it.

He looked straight at me, but he neither returned my bow nor held out his hand to me, until I reached him.

Then he offered me a drink. This I took, though I dislike alcohol, but I saw that my taking it was a relief to him.

Never have I seen a man more unlike his brother. Both are silent men unless roused by a direct interest in some statement

made by others; but whereas James's silence comes from a strange spiritual reticence, as well as from the fact that he is highly intelligent and anxious not to presume upon it, Lord Wendover is I think, silent because he wants the other person to give himself away. He also is intelligent, but it is the intelligence of the hunter—a sophisticated cynical hunter—with the hunting instinct running raw, under his carefully courteous manner.

"I have seen Lady Wendover," I observed, when I came to the conclusion that he was not going to broach the subject, "and I am in a difficult position as regards her. Legally, as you no doubt realize, I have no right to advise or prescribe for any patient, or to act as a doctor in this country; though, as James will have told you, I am a qualified physician from the University of Vienna. I can only act here as a lay psychiatrist, and at present your wife has severe physical symptoms which must receive attention before any psychiatry can be attempted."

"What do you propose doing then?" Lord Wendover demanded with a sort of cold amusement in his clear pale grey eyes.

"Two courses are open to me," I replied cautiously, for I saw that any decision made in his presence had better emanate from him. "I may hand her over to another doctor and await her extremely doubtful recovery, for unless he is—as well as a physician—also a trained psychiatrist, her recovery is doubtful; or I may ask you to connive with me in compounding a felony; and treat her myself against the letter of the Law."

"Let's hear a little more about the felony first, and what it implies," Lord Wendover said, setting down his glass and producing a pipe. "I come from a race of smugglers and pirates, and though as a general rule I uphold the Law, I have in exceptional circumstances no fundamental unwillingness, to evade it."

"If you know an English doctor," I explained to him, "who would be willing after due consultation with me, to write any prescriptions I consider suitable, I think between us we could soon allay the physical symptoms from which your wife is at present suffering."

Lord Wendover did not speak, but he raised his eyebrows in a significant manner, and the faint smile in his eyes deepened. It was plain to me that he was only too ready to discount Lady Wendover's physical sufferings.

"You must not doubt, Lord Wendover," I told him, "that her present condition is highly serious. She even requires a night nurse as well as Miss Fitchett's complete attention during the

day. Indeed I should recommend rest and careful nursing for several weeks."

Lord Wendover's eyebrows sank to their natural level, but he continued to look amused while carrying out those slow pleasant processes that are an intrinsic part of pipe smoking. He settled down in a large leather-covered armchair opposite my own with his very strong glass of whisky and soda within reach of his hand.

"There's James's friend," he said between the slowly igniting puffs of his pipe, "Barrow—the head of our private research Laboratory in Plymouth. I could get hold of him for this evening. Perhaps he'd help us."

He might just as well have said, "He's got to do what I tell him!" as "perhaps". It was what he meant. He stretched out his hand to a telephone on his desk.

It interests me to watch him move. He has complete muscular control and that economy of movement only common to a trained athlete. At first I had thought him a young man, but as I watched his face I came to the conclusion that Wendover was in advanced, rather than young, middle-age. He may even be fifty, but he moves like a man of thirty.

"Look here, Barrow," he said into the receiver, "if I send a car at once will you come to dinner? I want you to meet James's Viennese friend.—Yes! Well, that's all right. Come just as you are—it's wartime!"

He laid down the receiver. "Nice fella, Barrow," he observed. "We'll talk it all over with him." Then he took up the receiver again, and switched on to a house telephone, and gave orders about sending the car. His voice changes a little when he speaks to servants. He is still polite but he is curter.

"I am interested in what you say about my wife's condition," he then observed after a pause, which may have been for his pipe to draw properly. "You say she is physically very ill, though I gather you think she is a fit subject for the practice of psychiatry—what then is the matter with her?"

"Probably you know that better than I," I told him. "We cannot pigeon-hole the symptoms of a human being—her mind is just as real as her body, and not disconnected from it. When a person cannot digest her food, or sleep, has fever and a weak and rapid pulse, they are certainly very ill; but I do not find any organic cause for these symptoms. There must therefore be some deep stress or threat to her security in her present circumstances."

"Other than the Nazis?" Lord Wendover said with his former lift of the eyebrows.

The English have a way of referring to the Nazis as if they were a distant and rather ludicrous subject which I find very disconcerting, for I have known the Nazis when they were neither distant nor funny.

"Other than the Nazis," I repeated gravely.

"There must be professional secrecy, of course," Lord Wendover said indulgently, as if he were referring to a child's game. "I have no intention of asking you to break it, though I am naturally interested in finding out what you think the exact cause of my wife's illness to be, since she sent off, with a flea in his ear, rather an honest doctor who has been attending to our whole family for years with unqualified success! He had suggested that her illness *had* no cause."

"In that I find she was right," I replied, "since all illnesses have a cause."

"Could they not be invented?" Lord Wendover suggested.

"There would have to be some cause for their invention," I answered, "but do not think your wife is malingering! Her physical symptoms are involuntary; but for all that they may very well be produced from other than a physical cause. Shock or conflict can set up and maintain almost any set of severe physical symptoms. If you can throw any light on what special shock or conflict exists for your wife at the present moment, I can then tell you how we may treat this illness—and what to expect as to its course."

"I should prefer to let you find out from my wife herself," Lord Wendover said after a long silence, "but I will mention for your guidance, since you ask me for help, that my wife believes herself to be a victim of almost wholesale persecution by her entire family. Miss Fitchett is probably the only person at the moment in whom she has complete confidence—arising no doubt from the photographic accuracy, with which Miss Fitchett presents (for my wife's inspection) the most flattering image of herself! I do not know what effect Joan of Arc had upon her family, but I believe the origin of witch persecution in the Middle Ages to have been that certain women were uncommonly difficult to live with! According to my wife, I ill-treat her, poison my children's minds against her, incite her servants to rebellion, and generally play the devil with our mutual responsibilities. She accuses me of ruining my daughter and corrupting my son. Perhaps some of these ideas may be upsetting to her. You never know with a woman of her carefully trained susceptibilities. I

leave it to you to find out what basis her theories have in the region of fact. Our family doctor was so misguided as to inform her that her family resentments were inventions."

Beneath the careful indifference of his manner, I could see that he was at breaking point, or else he would not—in spite of the fact that James is my best friend—have given me this sudden overflow of confidence.

When a household has had to bear for any long period the attacks of a patient in an advanced state of neurosis, each member of it becomes slightly infected and is liable to some form of explosion.

As a rule it is the patient's mate who has to bear the full weight of a neurotic's disintegrating powers, although the worst destructive effects are generally to be found when a neurotic acts upon the raw susceptibilities of a child.

"If she takes any of these ideas for facts, she might well be ill," I admitted to Lord Wendover; "and yet it is generally the patient's opinion of herself that is the core of all such illnesses. Your wife is a discouraged person who needs to be very well thought of by those she loves. If someone who has hitherto believed in, and cared for her, suddenly believes in and cares for her no more, a person like your wife is shaken to the foundation of her being. She has built herself up upon the respect of others rather than upon her own, and she finds herself as it were like a captive balloon—let loose upon the air.

"There need be none of the outside factors that you have retailed to me. She could become very seriously ill simply because she was no longer accepted by a loved object, at her own valuation. Unfortunately when a dramatic, highly dynamic person such as your wife, becomes demoralized by a nervous shock of this nature, she can easily become the centre for demoralization in others."

"Oh, yes, my wife has great powers," her husband said sardonically, "but I am amused that you should call her 'discouraged'. She is, I assure you, well aware that she possesses these ex-territorial gifts; and she is accustomed to make use of them without scruple."

I did not dispute this assertion; although I believe that a person's emphasis upon their own powers is seldom a sign of their belief in them. I saw that—about his wife—Lord Wendover had an habitual resentment which was mis-directing his otherwise sound judgment. It is useless to argue with a permanent condition of the mind, and does nothing but strengthen any fallacy by which its owner seeks to support his error.

I merely repeated, "It would help me greatly to know what has actually taken place, as regards any of her main relationships lately."

"She tells me her main relationship is with God," Lord Wendover informed me, "but whatever has taken place between her and the Deity she is unlikely to divulge it to me, since I am unable to take very seriously the particulars of such an imaginary relationship. She might however talk more freely about it with our Padre. She is very devoted to him and as I thought it might be useful to you to meet him, I invited him to dinner to-night with his wife, who is a friend of my daughter's. You will find they run in and out of the house a good deal—both of them."

I was interested in the last part of Lord Wendover's observation because I have often noticed that when anyone informs you of a fact which you are bound to observe for yourself, it is because they are laying a particular stress upon it, and would be glad for you to do the same; or else perhaps they wish to excuse some motive of their own which lies behind the fact, that they have superfluously presented to your notice.

At this point in our discussion the dogs, who had recovered from the intrusion of a stranger, and were now sprawling across Lord Wendover's feet, suddenly darted to the door in an ecstasy of welcome. It opened, and a girl in a very short white silk tennis skirt, no stockings and a pale yellow shirt open at the neck, stood in the doorway. She was not at all like her mother but I guessed she was Lord Wendover's daughter.

"This," he observed, "is my child, Gillian, known by her intimates as Jill. Well, Infant, this is your Uncle James's friend, Dr. von Ritterhaus of Vienna. I've just asked Barrow to dine to meet him, but you needn't dress."

The girl withdrew.

She had glanced at me, with eyes of a deeper grey than her father's, but quite as cold; and she just smiled. She neither spoke however, nor offered to shake hands. She disappeared as I bowed, followed by all three dogs, although one—the black cocker spaniel—returned shortly and re-settled himself across his master's feet.

"That's my ruined daughter," Lord Wendover observed. "She relaxes occasionally into tennis, while acting as a V.A.D. at the Bodmin hospital between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m."

I was glad to hear that there was one member of the family who took the War seriously. There was a curious look of shamed pride in Wendover's eyes as the door closed after his daughter.

Pride, I could understand—but I wonder why he is ashamed when he looks at her? She is a pleasant sight. There is a fresh and intrinsic dignity in a young girl, who is at the same time a healthy creature with all the materials for earthly happiness under her command. I felt my heart full of respect and good wishes for this young girl's future. She does not need to have beauty, nor do I think her beautiful.

Her father got up very soon after she had left us.

"Well," he said, "we dine at eight. I hope they've shown you your room?"

We were crossing the hall, a great open room full of trophies of the chase interrupted by old family portraits, when I saw the boy.

About his looks there was no question. He was the most beautiful young human being I have ever set eyes upon. He has crisp black wavy hair; and eyes like his mother's. They shone with the glancing fire of a sapphire. He has his father's height, but with the slenderness and grace of a trained adolescence. He had obviously just been bathing; a wet towel was twisted up in a neat roll under his arm. Something else had happened to him besides his bath; he was rapt in a sunny dream. The light of it rested on his sparkling eyes, and curved his parted lips. There was about his whole figure a visionary beauty, neither of the air nor of the earth, but as if the spirit within him had suddenly been set free to enjoy both—as they are rarely enjoyed except by the most pure and the most sensitive of human beings. Experience had not yet sullied the clear pool of his attention, and all the forces of hope were intact in him.

He stood there, not seeing us, but looking back over his shoulder into the last cold light. His head was poised upon his slender throat in a proud and shapely manner. It seemed as if he could not quite tear himself away from what the day had held. The door was open behind him, and in front of him was a great bowl full of tall, late-summer flowers. I did not want to see his dream disturbed. There was so much bloom and so much rapture in the boy's backward glance; and then I suddenly realized that his father wanted to break his dream.

Wendover broke it roughly—and as if he were at the same time afraid of the boy's beauty; but whether for the sake of the boy, or for his own sake, I cannot be sure.

"What the devil are you staring at?" Lord Wendover demanded in a hard exasperated voice.

The boy started, and flushed to his forehead. He muttered something, and would have sprung up the stairs and away from



us, if his father had not forced him back by saying, "Where are your manners? This is James's friend, the doctor from Vienna!"

The boy swung back then and gave me his hand. It was ice-cold; but I do not think it had been cold until his father spoke to him.

The boy said, "Is she—is my mother, any better?"

I liked his voice; I liked his self-control, for beyond that first angry start, he had shown no displeasure with his father, and had instantly obeyed the dictates of a host.

"For a few days she must be kept very quiet," I told him reassuringly, for I formed the impression that he, alone, really cared how his mother was. His father did not believe in her illness and the daughter had not made any enquiries about her mother. "She will soon be better, I hope—indeed, I am sure that she will!"

The boy nodded in a relieved manner, glanced at his father for permission, and then ran swiftly upstairs.

"That's the corrupted youth!" his father said dryly. "Now you've seen the lot of us!"

"It is curious", I found myself saying, "that you should—any of you—feel that you have anything of which to complain. One would say, superficially, looking at this house and its surroundings, and after meeting its inmates, that you possess the best this world can give; and the power to dispose of it to the finest advantage!"

"Does the possession of such objects, and the power to use them, imply any particular sense of security—or even of satisfaction?" Wendover asked me—but more as if he were speaking to himself than to me—"I have not found that the power to dispose of such possessions is acquired by possessing them—quite the contrary, I assure you!"

His eyes followed the slim young figure disappearing up the shining staircase.

I had thought that he loved his daughter better than anyone else, when I had seen him look at her; but now I do not think so—I believe that he loves his son as I loved Andreas, when he was my son.

19th September 1940

I was late for my first dinner at Silver Fountains. My patient, two hours after I had left her, had a sudden palpitation of the heart.

I gave her sal volatile mixed—as we generally mix it in Vienna—with bicarbonate of soda. It acted “like a miracle” as Miss Fitchett expressed it, although nothing could really be less like a “miracle” than that by dispersing gases pressing upon the heart, you should cease to interfere with its normal action.

This “miracle” gave Miss Fitchett sufficient confidence in me to submit to a mild and camouflaged form of “third degree”.

I saw her alone in that lovely room with the shining Reynolds and Gainsboroughs, which I now know so well, and went over with her, word for word, what had taken place in the way of conversation between her and my patient, after I had left her in so peaceful a condition.

The first time I think Miss Fitchett was wholly “unconscious” as we call it, that she *had* left out a salient fact. She did not hesitate, and assured me with great co-operative eagerness “*Now* I’ve told you every single word either of us said! I knew you didn’t want her to *talk*—but every now and then of course, you have just to *speak* a word to a patient.”

“You are perfectly right,” I told her. “Indeed, to be unnaturally quiet has a perturbing quality.”

Then I took her through the whole conversation again.

The second time, her eyes wandered a little and she played with a paper knife. Still, her account was substantially the same.

I apologized for taking her over the same ground a third time, explaining that such questions were like a net thrown out to catch a shoal of minnows—even a second or a third throw of the net is necessary, since some of the quick little fish of memory each time dart through the meshes, and escape.

Over this third account, I saw her pause at a point where she had not paused previously.

“Lady Wendover asked me if her daughter had come in, and I said, ‘Yes, I thought she had’.”

I stopped her altogether here.

“What made you think her daughter *had* come in?” I asked her.

Miss Fitchett hesitated and flushed a little.

"Well," she said, "didn't I tell you I had to run into the passage a moment—and I met Jill. She told me Dr. Barrow was coming to dinner. I thought I had better not mention this fact to Lady Wendover for fear she'd think it was a consultation with you, and that you thought her even *more* ill than we had feared. So I didn't tell her—and I suppose that was why I forgot to say I'd been out of the room at all! It was only for a minute anyway!"

"You were most wise," I told her, "not to mention the matter of Dr. Barrow's visit to our patient. And was that all that passed between you and Miss Gillian in the passage before you returned?"

"Well, practically," Miss Fitchett said. "I did just say, 'You haven't much time to dress, dear, have you?' and she said, 'Father said I needn't—there's only Virginia and the Padre coming, as well as this doctor man.' She didn't mean *you*, of course!"

Very naturally, Miss Jill had forgotten even the shadowy presence of the Viennese ghost. It would not have been worth while to dress for him.

"But you *did* mention to Lady Wendover that these two other guests were to dine here?" I asked her.

Miss Fitchett wanted to say "No". She very nearly *did* say "No", but fortunately she belongs to a type whose loyalty is greater than its cowardice. To serve Lady Wendover she would, I think, face a trouble greater than embarrassment. Nor has she much vanity; indeed to look a fool is almost painfully natural to her.

"Well—I *did* just say that the Padre and Virginia were coming to dinner," she admitted. "However ill Lady Wendover is, she likes to hear little things like that about the house."

"But she had not herself invited them?" I suggested.

Miss Fitchett coloured again.

"She hadn't exactly *asked* the Padre to dinner," she admitted, "but you see she'd never *mind* his coming! They're the greatest friends! He has a standing invitation to any meal—though it wouldn't be usual for him to come if she wasn't downstairs. Still, he might have to—in order to see her. He's terribly busy just now, and a meal hour might be his only free time!"

"But—with his wife, it makes it more formal I suppose?" I persisted.

I got then what I wanted.

"Oh, Lady Wendover wouldn't be likely to ask *her*," Miss Fitchett said—and then hastily amended her speech. "She thinks Virginia isn't good for Jill—or Adrian, but of course if they invited Virginia—any of them—she wouldn't dream of objecting. She's so wonderful that way—you've no idea what she puts up with!"

"And as a result of putting up with these things," I thought to myself, "she has these severe palpitations of the heart!"

I knew all that I needed to know now, so having reassured Miss Fitchett by telling her that she had behaved faultlessly, that nobody was to blame for Lady Wendover's attack; and that we must expect little ups and downs, I hurried to the big dining-room that leads out of the hall.

Everyone was already at the dinner table; and I had missed the first two courses. Lord Wendover wisely told me to take my place without further formalities, and introduced me to his guests while the meal continued.

On one side of him sat the beautiful girl who was the Padre's wife. Dr. Barrow, one of those lean dry men with glasses who seem specially attached to Science in this country, sat on the other side of her. Jill sat on her father's left and beyond her was a man whom I at once guessed must be Mr. Esdaile, the Padre. My seat was between him, and the boy Adrian's. I was glad to sit between them for I do not think they like each other. The boy, at any rate, was stiff with a kind of inner fury; and I knew that it was not for me that he felt it. There was already a bond of sympathy between us. I think he felt that I was taking his mother's condition seriously; and he wanted it to be taken seriously. It is a curious fact in this household that both the members of the family who like my patient, seem to want her to be very ill; whereas the people who, for some reason or other, are in opposition to her, rejoice to think there is nothing the matter with her.

The Padre's wife wasn't only lovely: she was American. Instantly I felt in her a sort of central freedom completely missing in my English hosts. It was like having another Viennese at the table. She behaved—as we all used to do on social occasions—as if she enjoyed herself; and was there for that sole purpose. She *was*, in fact, a social occasion!

Out of the five men at table, four were spellbound by her. The fifth, her husband, was not. Jill seemed to share his freedom from enchantment. They spoke to each other in low tones with their eyes turned away from her, about girl guides and bombproof shelters.

It is difficult to describe a charming girl—one who knows exactly what weapons she possesses—and how to use them.

Virginia's clothes, her features—the way her hair was dressed—the vague scent and shine that hung about her—were all directed to one aim. The song a bird sings is not for mere selfish rapture. He, too, is using it to attract. The bloom upon a fruit is not empty of the same purpose. Why must a young wife cease to attract because she has a husband? Virginia is enchanting partly because she knows how, and partly because she has a good heart. I think this gay and brilliant girl thinks it her duty to give pleasure to all who are about her.

I do not quarrel with a girl who acts upon this theory; nor could I see why her husband should quarrel with her. But he was quarrelling. Perhaps he was jealous *of* her—as well as *for* her—since she held the attention of the entire table; and he did not. He had the face of a man in great pain, who is using infinite self-control in order to hide it. This pain of his was chiefly envy, but he would have been ashamed to call it by its real name. He had a beautiful smile, grace and good looks. I do not yet know, but I should take it from his scholarly, distinguished face, that he has a far better used brain than his young wife; but I can see that he does not forgive her, her dreadful power to charm.

Perhaps he suspects that she may do harm to others by it; but at the moment she was only harming him—and perhaps the girl Gillian; and this was their fault rather than hers.

In general, the English seem to think that a great deal of damage is done by falling in love. The damage that is done by *not* falling in love, is what principally strikes me about them. All these over-devoted little dogs on leads are not a happy symptom.

I watched Lord Wendover laughing at a story of Virginia's till the hard lines of cynicism and self-importance vanished from his face, and it became as innocent as an eager schoolboy's. She was making Barrow, too, feel young and attractive, neither of which things I should suppose, he had ever yet felt; and as for young Adrian—well—I am afraid I now know the source of his dream!

As for me—she made me feel at home. Just such girls—only perhaps a little quieter, for Virginia's voice was rather penetrating—were a part of our old background in Vienna. Just such a girl, radiant, equipped, enriching—was once my wife.

I could have gone on my knees and thanked Virginia for making those big eyes—for her infectious laughter—her generous flirting—and the way she swung us all into that lost world of the Strauss Waltzes and Lehar! It had once, after all then, existed

—that world set to music where the blood raced, the eyes shone—and there was no shame or fear! There might even still be something besides the blank rigidity—the crude antagonisms—the sickening sadistic cruelty that is turning the earth into a shambles. I felt as if she had lit a fire before which we could warm our frozen hearts.

"What vitality Americans have," I said in a low voice to Adrian.

"Oh, but not all," he murmured back. "She's something rather special, isn't she—even for an American?"

"Yes," I admitted, "to be *yourself* is special—I fancy that is what she is doing for us. She knows that none of the rest of us *are* ourselves—so she is giving us the chance to take a holiday!"

He looked at me as if he were grateful for my appreciation.

"I'm glad you think that," he said, "some people, you know, think she puts it on!"

"Not at all," I said laughing, "she puts it *off*—chains—fettters—formalities—they all fall away from her. Look how she moves—she is not extravagant. She is just natural! It is after all natural for us to move—since we are not vegetables!"

It was quite true that all the rest of us looked terribly *still*! The kind, cold Saint upon my other side suddenly asked me when I had left Vienna. He did not of course mean to be cruel, nor to make my blood, that had felt warm for the first time for many months, run cold again. I became a Refugee. I answered all his questions.

I am sure of this—if people, who do not know you *have* a misfortune, talk of it, you do not feel greatly hurt. If they *know* you have a misfortune and purposely avoid talking of it, you feel it more; but if you have a misfortune and anyone deliberately keeps the wound of it open from mere curiosity, then you feel it most. I am however sure that the greater part of this man's cruelty is unconscious; and arises from his having been intensely cruel to himself. Still, there is an antagonism between us of which I—rather than he—am aware.

When dinner was over, he asked me if he might visit Lady Wendover. He thought she was expecting him. Now, on many accounts I did not wish this visit to take place. My patient really needed complete quiet. He was in himself a point of conflict—since his presence suggested that of his wife. Further still, I knew that Lady Wendover's religion was an alibi—a flight from the responsibility of her too dominating temper, and its natural results. This Padre manipulated her religion and increased in her an intense sense of superiority.

Religion in itself should be the best ally science has. The root

of true religion and the root of true science is exactly the same—a truthful obedience to ascertained Law.

But many people make religion act *against* science and in support of their own aims. God is the ace they keep up their sleeve to cheat with. I am under the impression that my patient props up her nerves by her religion; and that in order to get rid of the one, I shall have to attack the other; and I think that this priest with his beautiful *forced* face, is largely responsible for both her illnesses.

Lord Wendover overheard Mr. Esdaile ask to see his wife, and gave me an opportunity to refuse without discourtesy.

"I fancy", he said, "that Dr. Ritterhaus is rather against my wife's seeing visitors at all, at the moment! I know the household is forbidden!"

I saw the Priest's face set against me, like a raised weapon; and I changed my mind. I will not refuse him anything that is not vital to my patient's security. I want to keep in his good graces; and it is important too, that he should not try setting her, at this early stage, against me—as he could do very easily. I could not isolate her permanently from her spiritual adviser. I therefore said quickly, "It is quite true what Lord Wendover says, Mr. Esdaile, but you are an exception, since my patient would feel her mind set at rest I think by your ministrations. I should be glad for you to spend a few minutes with her this evening, and I am sure you would not allow any question to arise which might disturb or unsettle her night's rest."

He gave me a quick friendly smile, and left us. Lord Wendover's eyebrows rose again—but he made no comment upon my surrender.

"You two medical johnnies," he said, "had better get together in your own lingo. The news is at nine o'clock in the hall if you want to hear it."

Incredible for him to speak on this night, with London threatened, as if there could be any choice! Hour by hour their life as individuals as well as the life of their nation is at stake—and yet these English people eat, and behave as if nothing at all unusual is taking place. They could even ask if one wanted to hear the news!

It was a curious comfort to be alone with Barrow. We could talk as men talk, who have the same aim and use the same tools to carry out their purposes.

I know that I shall find him a true friend, as I have found James. He has no rigidities—no personal vanities—no greed.

For a few brief minutes we forgot the Nazis, but at two minutes

to nine I laid my hand on his arm and said, "None of this will be of the least use to mankind unless we can destroy Hitler!"

He nodded, and we went out of the doorway in silence together and into the hall. Last night was the heaviest, up to that moment, of the attacks on London. One by one the bastions of that great city are being struck and fires rage like great streams; the little lovely churches fall—the lives of their harmless citizens are trapped, and buried beneath their homes! I was glad I had forbidden my patient listening to the radio. The news is enough to make a strong heart break.

I watched the reactions of this group with interest, as well as a sympathy I already knew that I must not show.

Barrow, who was beside me, simply looked bored. He had his hands in his pockets and hunched his shoulders slightly together. The Saint stood there with his head bowed and his eyes closed in prayer. He had shut himself up with God—and away from the rest of us. And yet—if there is a God—such an attack upon mankind should draw his children together, and start up in us such a passion for our brothers, that nothing should ever tear our hands, our eyes, or our hearts, from them—ever again! Lord Wendover leaned against the side of the radio which he was supervising, motionless and stiff, I think, with fury. The boy pretended not to care. He leaned back in a low chair, waggled his foot, lit a cigarette and smiled reassuringly across at Virginia. Her great blue eyes were wide with pity and horror—the sweet curves of her generous mouth, more generous. She was a young girl—but she was also a mother. Her whole heart was in that hopeless battlefield among people's shattered homes. She was frightened too, but she did not look for reassurance to her husband with his shut eyes.

Lord Wendover is not her husband. She looked at him.

The girl Jill, sat there tight-lipped, and as still as her father. Her eyes were on the floor. I do not know what she saw there. I saw, only that this thing was happening to England because she had trusted her brothers in Germany—trusted them when they were acting infamously—to the rest of our human family. People say—and I for one do not wonder at them—can we ever forgive these Germans, who broke the trust of all mankind? But we should not forget that we also are responsible for their power. It is our selfishness—our fear—our idleness—and our greed, that fed Hitler's hungry vanity!

Before we dare trust anyone else, we must ourselves have become so trustworthy that no-one has a weapon strong enough to bring against the weakest brother in the world.



21st September 1940

All through this last week these terrible bombing attacks continue—upon England's airfields, and upon her heart—London. I could neither write nor sleep while this last citadel of freedom shook to its foundations. I attended to my patient, and I visited the Plymouth Laboratory daily. Lord Wendover gave me a bicycle on which I ride the ten miles in and out of Plymouth. He saw also all the local authorities for me; and I am freed from many of the severer alien restrictions and allowed to continue my research work, covered by the Wendover name.

He himself went up to town to see the damage of the bombing at first hand, and though this I think never occurred to him as his real motive—to share London's danger. I do not think Lord Wendover would ever take into consideration, while carrying out any of his plans, a little thing like danger, either his own—or perhaps anyone else's. He is a forceful, shortsighted man, typical of this people. I do not think that England herself yet knows that she is being shaken to her foundations. The radio and the newspapers give only soporific hints. The people go stumbling on with cricket bats and tennis racquets in their hands—gas-masks on their backs; and their strange hearts full of an incredible optimism. This, of course, I cannot share, since I know the Nazis—and that they are wholly equipped and prepared for the final logic of their brutal adventure. There is nothing that they will not make use of in order to win this War—including undue British optimism. Hitler's secret weapon is that he truly understands all the weaknesses of his opponent; and has learned how to profit by them.

My patient is suffering greatly, although her physical symptoms are clearing up. As one by one they disappear, her mind becomes more aware of its hard core of pain. From the moment her husband left the house, she began to talk freely to me. It was as if a gag had been taken out of her mouth. Watching Lady Wendover writhing against the sense of her inner defeat, I can well believe what my brother Oskar told me when I saw him at Dachau three days before he died from the effects of physical torture.

"Acute physical pain is less terrible than the pangs of shame one feels at having tortured the being one loves!" He referred of

course, to his wife, Lisa—a possessive nagging woman (though they were devoted to each other) to whom he had been unfaithful. She had committed suicide which at that time, and for that cause, I did not think at all necessary. She killed herself, I feel sure, merely out of a desire for revenge.

I know now what Oskar meant. He *was* partially responsible for her suicide, although to my mind Lisa was equally responsible for his having been unfaithful to her.

The torture I see in Lady Wendover's face is that she too is responsible for her own sufferings. She has by her intemperate vanity, shocked and estranged her husband; and what most hurts her at present is that he no longer accepts her at her own valuation. He once adored her almost as much as she wanted to be adored; and now she has to face the fact that he no longer even admires her. Nor is it any more within her power, to give him any happiness, or even unhappiness.

No doubt she was once more beautiful than she still tries to be, and he gave in to her and spoiled her for the sake of her beauty and in order to gain from her the very stunted pleasures she was prepared to yield to him, in return for his devotion, I do not think he had the best of that particular bargain, but on the whole it has demoralized him much less to lose *her*, than it has demoralized *her* to lose him. She is being driven frantic by her uncontrolled wishes which she disguises to herself as virtues; whereas he still has his work in the world, a position he has earned; and I imagine many sincere and active friends. Besides—he has the love of both his children.

This, she—poor woman—has alienated by her attempts at domination. The boy still has that uneasy half-deluded love a man never wholly loses for his mother; but I should suppose that the girl Gillian, has emptied from her hard little heart, the last traces of her childhood's affection for her mother. Both children were no doubt used as active recipients for their parents' conflict. They were filled—poor little empty cups—by their parents, with the poison of their differences; and then passed from one to the other.

Lord Wendover may have struggled to retain his loyalty to his wife and to allow her the almost unlimited rights of a mother, over her children. But he had had to step in and take control when he saw that his children were being ruined by her; and he could control them only by showing them his love, and so winning theirs.

It appeared to my patient that he was deliberately using every unfair and evil wile in order to tear her children from her living

heart. In reality of course, she had never loved anyone except herself; and her children were merely the most highly valued—if they were even that—of all her possessions. She *had* suffered physically in order to produce them—a fact that still seems to occasion her an indignant surprise—but subsequently all further care and inconvenience were taken from her by paid assistants. She might, in fact, never have had any children, for all the influence they have had over her undisciplined and dominating instincts.

It is curious, but apparently this whole independent class of non-working English women have never been trained except to exert their powers of attraction. To claim and hold the attention of others is their chief spiritual activity. On the part of prostitutes, such an aim is considered unworthy, but on the part of British wives and mothers it is apparently accepted as virtuous—at least if it is confined to the members of their own family circle. It is of course more injurious here than it would be anywhere else. Our Austrian women at least add to their power over their domestic circle, very expert knowledge of how to expend money for the best interests of their whole household, as well as how to cook and maintain in great beauty and order, every article in their homes; added to which, they very often play a musical instrument nearly as well as a professional. Sport, they accept from their earliest years, in the sense that English women also accept it. They swim, ski, walk and play tennis with sufficient skill. They do not take so large a part in politics as English women—perhaps they are not as charitable—but on the other hand, they companionate men more by giving them far greater pleasure. Austrian women know their ‘*métier femme*’ almost as Latin women know it; and far more thoroughly than German women (who are greatly discouraged by their men, and so cannot practise what charms they possess) know it.

I do not say that Austrian women are the most attractive in the world. I only say that since to attract is not their *only* aim, it is astonishing how much better it works with them, than with English women of the upper classes, who have never had to do anything else.

My patient, for instance, cannot make a bed, cook a meal, or create a costume; she plays no musical instrument; and as for attracting men is concerned, she only wishes to attract them by what the English would call “innocent” flirtations.

She told me with pride this morning that she had never been physically unfaithful to her husband. She has, of course, never been physically faithful to him either.

To a scientific mind, these empty incitements to sexual impulses are inherently vicious. By them, there is no doubt, my patient helped slowly to poison her husband's heart, and gave the gentleman she distinguished by her preference, no satisfaction whatever.

The desire to dominate is not a sexual instinct, though it can, of course, be, and often is, used sexually. Beauty was in Lady Wendover's case an accidental, and by no means favourite, weapon.

What she wanted was to be a combination of Helen of Troy and the Madonna—with Joan of Arc thrown in. But it has not occurred to her that there are any steps, physical, mental or moral, which have to be taken in order to reach these special goals—or indeed any other goals!

She has an immense fortune, organized and looked after by her husband. This has enabled her to carry out most, if not all, of her lesser wishes. She has, she tells me, established a sort of salon, and wishes to lead and attract a band of young and devoted men—perhaps also girls—upon intellectual lines. The mistake she makes is that her husband also has an intellect and a highly trained one, so that the young men are often so ill-advised as to listen to him, as well as to her.

Nor has her career as a speaker been an unqualified success, except upon charitable occasions where the funds at her disposal allow of her speaking at almost any length, upon almost any subject.

The intellect is a ticklish business for an untrained mind to attempt to corner. My patient has—from the long stories of feuds and shocks she has retailed to me—failed to obtain the food her insatiable vanity has sought. She has therefore decided to give up intellectual adventures, or at least to lower them in her scale of values, and to take up the Deity instead.

Religion, she tells me, is now her "all-in-all". No-one but God knows what she suffers. She prays to Him almost without ceasing; and He always listens. He is more reliable even than Miss Fitchett, who has to have her meals sometimes.

Mr. Esdaile has, of course, been the greatest possible help to Lady Wendover, he has understood where and how everything in her has broken down; and his power of reconstruction is only limited by the frail material of her dwindling physical strength.

I learned to my consternation that she has now reached the exact position always craved by a neurotic. She has applause without earning it, since whenever it comes to producing the acts of virtue demanded by Mr. Esdaile from her (as necessary portions of a Christian's career), she can be too ill to carry them out.

I was afraid—when we had reached this point, that except as a fellow High Priest, I would be unable to be of any use to her; and I am not constructed upon sacerdotal lines. However, we had not yet reached the bottom of my patient's basket. Mr. Esdaile himself, she has now confided in me, has become—at least vicariously through his wife—a problem.

Unfortunately Mr. Esdaile, though a Saint, a great preacher, and an unflagging social worker, made one flagrant error. A few years ago he married a girl fourteen years younger than himself and wholly devoid of any moral standard.

He looks upon divorce as a mortal sin; so does Lady Wendover. Nor, I gather, are they in love with each other in any sense in which a Viennese would understand the word. The affinity between them is purely spiritual. Each realizes the other's tragedy; each leans upon the other's soul. There is nothing earthly or possessive in the deep affection which binds them to each other. They merely back each other up. Neither Lord Wendover nor Virginia have the slightest grounds for objecting to this form of sublimated friendship. Still, I gather both of them do object to it; and with great strength.

Lady Wendover, rather to my surprise, is not at all jealous of Lord Wendover's physical affections straying. In giving up her own youth, my patient has apparently also given up Lord Wendover's. She accuses him of every other form of marital wrongdoing; but she does *not* accuse him of any undue interest in other women.

It simply hasn't occurred to her that Virginia Esdaile whom she looks upon as a vicious and irritating child, could be attractive to her husband, in spite of the fact that Virginia's own husband is only a few years younger than Lord Wendover—still less, that Lord Wendover could lose his heart to a girl the age of his own daughter.

Lady Wendover's quarrel with Virginia is over her children—over both of them apparently. Gillian, Lady Wendover tells me, is a difficult, headstrong, hard-hearted modern girl without deep affections—completely insensitive to beauty or tenderness of any kind. She has formed herself upon her father and is an exact replica of him. A dissatisfied young married woman is a bad companion for her; and Virginia and Gillian are—in so far as either possesses anything so soft as a bosom—bosom friends. I ventured at this point to ask Lady Wendover why she considered Virginia to be dissatisfied. She promptly became vague and somewhat chilly, telling me that she had to keep Michael Esdaile's confidence. However, it appears that Michael Esdaile and his wife

have not lived together for some time. A young and innocent girl, Lady Wendover told me, should not discuss these questions with a no less young, but wholly initiated, married woman. That they *do* discuss the subject she was very sure from the extremely realistic remarks dropped by both girls in unguarded moments. But Lady Wendover has an even stronger objection to Virginia. Adrian, a mere child, is breaking his heart over her. Virginia's influence over Lady Wendover's peculiarly beloved and sensitive boy is appalling! Michael Esdaile is doing what he can to separate them; but it has not yet amounted to much. Lord Wendover merely shrugs his shoulders and turns the other way, as if he were not even interested in the subject. Perhaps—I thought to myself—because he is too much interested in it?

Lady Wendover told me with sincere, if jealous, anguish, that she was certain something terrible would happen soon. Her mother's heart warned her. Also the situation is highly injurious to Michael Esdaile; and the whole parish is talking about it. Love affairs in London are one thing, Lady Wendover admitted with a streak of common sense which I privately applauded, but love affairs in the country are quite another—and a far more serious—thing.

I know that she is not without grounds for this latter anxiety although I think she misjudges and exaggerates its importance.

Miss Gillian, I feel sure, is getting no harm from Virginia. I have a very strong impression that she is at present getting nothing at all from her.

Whatever may have been their former relationship, I do not believe there is any love lost between these two young girls at the present moment—certainly not upon Gillian's side. They only speak to each other in public, and remarkably little; even then both are passable actresses, but they are not sufficiently skilled to hide from an intelligent onlooker that each finds serious cause for annoyance in the other.

Adrian is, of course, head over heels in love with Virginia. He is a healthy young boy of eighteen and it would be shocking had he no love affair—preferably of an inconclusive nature—to carry on at such an age. A married woman who is six or seven years older than he is and whom he cannot turn into a permanent shackle, while she is no drain upon him financially, is—I should suppose—exactly what he needs. I only hope—for both their sakes—that this love affair exists, and is mutual. As a matter of fact, I am afraid that only Adrian is in love. I fancy that Virginia has quite other fish to fry, and is intent upon frying them. However, I rather doubt if she is heart and soul in love with anyone.

If she were, would she attempt to draw even a poor dead fish like the writer of this diary, into her delicate net? I cannot well mistake the beautiful pleading eyes, the fleeting gesture of her hands—as if her heart too were fluttering, when I approach her. Poor lovely, silly child, what does she want of me—in addition to all her other victims?

Last night when she had finished playing tennis with some young people who had come to tea, she sat down on the grass at my feet.

"I've got to ask you something," she began with a little troubled frown across her silken forehead. "Ought I to keep my babies in England? Or ought I to go back, *home*—to America with them? Which do you think is safest? You know the Nazis! What ought I to do? It is hopeless to talk to English people about danger because they don't believe in it—though you'd think they would have found out by now how *appallingly* strong the Nazis are! Or if they do believe in danger, they still won't *act* on it! My husband tells me to trust in God—who will protect us whatever happens. But He didn't protect Poland, Holland, Belgium or France, did He? And yet I suppose some people trusted Him, in all those countries—not to mention Austria and Czechoslovakia! If I ask Lord Wendover, he isn't really sensible because he's English—I mean about England he isn't sensible—about everything else he is! He just says, 'We must trust in the Navy—after all, the Channel is a good tank trap'. All English people think their Navy is almighty—but is it?"

"It is the best weapon the English possess," I answered cautiously. "I admit it is at the moment under-equipped either with sufficient anti-aircraft guns or with 'planes to protect and guide it—let alone enough ships to carry out its activities. Nor do I know what are the possibilities of naval construction in this Island. But I do not see how Britain can stand a chance unless your country acts—on sea, at any rate—to help them out. After all, it is equally to help themselves, since they possess only one fleet and have two oceans which they must in some manner defend. The Nazis have for the last six years, concentrated upon the moral selfishness of all the Democracies; and when they were fully equipped themselves, have always struck at their lack of unity. Nevertheless your country and Great Britain have preserved what human decency there is in the world to-day, still allied to sufficient power—if they act in unison—to carry it on into essential victory. I do not speak of Russia because the deluded ruling classes upon both sides of the Atlantic minimize her powers and overlook her purposes; but though Stalin may fear

and dislike the Democracies for their insensate attitude against his country, he does not hate them in the dispassionate and realistic way in which he hates Hitler and the Nazis. Of this I am very sure; but the Democracies it appears are not!

"As you see for yourself I have nevertheless sufficient faith in the triumph of human decency—safeguarded as it is at present, only by this one small Island—so that I propose to stick to it—and add to it what powers I possess. But you are in a different position to me. You have your children to think of first. You are a mother, and it is only natural a mother *should*, I think, always put first the helpless children committed to her responsibility. In my mind, the dangers are so even, that you may safely study your preferences. The sea is a danger to cross. This small Island, undefended from the air, is a danger to live upon. Choose which you like—and remember not to be unduly alarmed by danger, since life is not worth the fear of losing it!"

Her beautiful eyes, upturned to mine, swam in tears. They were quite genuine tears though they were only meant to move me; and they did. She said softly, "Have you been so unhappy—that you really think life is not worth living? You are so young—to have been so unhappy?"

"I have not said that," I answered as coldly as I could. "I said life was not worth being *frightened* about losing! I *am* living, and that I think proves that I think it worth while, under almost any circumstances, to go on living; but not under *all*. I should not attempt to live under Nazi rule for instance. It would seem to me degrading to live in a world where such ideals were the forcible bread of any human being."

"I see," she murmured, hanging her lovely head, and playing with the blades of grass under her delicate fingers. "I see!"

But I knew that she had *not* seen!

All that she saw was—that she had wanted me to confide in her—and that I had refused.

Perhaps fortunately for me, Miss Fitchett arrived at this moment to say that my patient was anxious to see me.

As soon as I return from the Laboratory, and before I go, I am always at Lady Wendover's disposal. Often she rings me up in the middle of the night to ask me some frivolous question as to whether she should drink her milk hot or cold. This does not at all disturb me for I think she should know that there is one person—other than Miss Fitchett and more accessible than the Deity—upon whom she can rely. I believe that Lady Wendover already feels she is my friend; and I know that I am hers.



2nd October 1940

The first news we had of Lord Wendover was a long-distance call from London. It was to me he made it. I was astonished at the clearness of his voice because the telephone is often out of action at present between London and the West Country, yet I heard his resonant not unpleasant voice as if he were in the same room.

He made no personal enquiries and volunteered no information about himself. Immediately he knew that it was I at the telephone he said, "I want you to consult with Barrow and my daughter Gillian how best and quickest to turn Silver Fountains into a hospital. We must get our own London hospital removed, after an incident—personnel and patients—as soon as possible. I am making legal and medical arrangements this end and shall have to stay here for the present. The hospital is sending you a list of all they need to have provided on the spot; and of what they can themselves bring or send. Barrow will tell you what firms to deal with in Plymouth and it will be well to get estimates both for storing our furniture and for getting the necessary reconstruction well in hand. Expense is no consideration. If my wife objects, remove her—by ambulance if necessary—to the Dower House. She'll be quite comfortable there. Got what I said? All right," and his voice abruptly ceased.

One has to remember he is a man of business and of high political importance. He has, too, a big fortune of his own, founded upon large oil concessions in America; as well as his wife's. Yet even for what he is, Tom Wendover is curt. James too economizes in speech but he is always unhurried and courteous, rather as if he were playing a game with his own parsimony. James would never dictate to any person—he would not even dictate to a word.

I did not hurry, for I had to think things out. My patient was doing very well and the relationship between us was firm and happy in so far as a relationship with a neurotic can ever be either firm or happy. Yesterday she sat up without ill effect, for several hours.

I am now allowing her to read her letters and make her own telephone calls. She is accustomed to long talks on the telephone to her friends all over the country and at great length; and the War restrictions trouble her greatly; but I do not like to stop any

of her activities now that she is stronger; none of them are useful—except to her—but they *are* activities.

I wanted to get her goodwill about this affair of the hospital—but how—under the circumstances—I asked myself, to do it?

I went out into the Park among the changing trees. If one empties the mind and watches trees and birds and the slow movement of clouds, while at the same time oxygen flows through the lungs, I find the brain soon becomes clearer.

The motions of life, with all their endless variety, ease the troubled heart. In nature nothing remains static for long; there is a blessed periodicity; and in the human spirit too, neither grief nor anxiety, nor even fear, are permanent visitors. I like to realize that we are not in the passing moment; it is the passing moment that—for a brief interval—is in us.

Nevertheless, I was greatly troubled. To any man, interference with the progress of his task is an irritating factor. I wanted my patient to improve; and she *is* improving, and now it seemed to me that this improvement might be thrown completely out of gear.

Lady Wendover is *not* a person to whom things can safely happen, unless she feels herself to be in control of them; otherwise, she throws herself against these things in a hostile manner and breaks herself to pieces in the process. If only I could make this sacrifice demanded of her—appear to be taken at her own valuation! I have no theory against lies, except that if there is the slightest possibility of their being found out, they are useless; but I cannot think of any lie about this plan which would be fool-proof enough to be useful.

For a while I let myself forget my problem while I watched the early autumn light softening the first frost upon the yellowing leaves. I had not to think about breakfast, for I have a standing arrangement with the cook, who is a kind woman when approached properly, to allow me to make my own coffee on an electric plate whenever I choose. I see my patient every morning just before I start on my bicycle for Plymouth. I take the side roads where there is little traffic and I can enjoy the landscape.

This West Country is like a garden; but a garden belonging always to someone else. There is so much privacy that very little of its beauty can be shared with the passer-by. Here and there is a gap in a hedge or a gateway over which you can look at the wide mild land, gently peopled, with vague colours washed over it by invisible sea breezes. There is never anything brutal or mean in this country, except the brutal and mean rows of little houses

that form part of every city, great or small. They alone, are insults to human intelligence, and even more, to human kindness; and why should we separate the two—since they are not meant to be separated!

This morning nothing stirred in the Park. The leaves breathed themselves open to let a robin or a chaffinch through, and closed again without a sound. I strolled down a wide grass path which the children call a "ride"; and before I knew it, I found myself by the little grey stone church dropped just within the Park gates.

Here I met Mr. Esdaile, who was just coming out of it.

In these country places the church definitely belongs to the Vicar rather than to God or to His People. The church is, technically speaking, "in the gift" of Lord Wendover—and the person to whom he gave it was Mr. Esdaile.

The moment I saw him, I knew what to do. I said, "There is something about which I should greatly value your help and advice!"

Instantly his face which had worn a stern and slightly disagreeable expression, became beautiful. I do really believe this man *likes* to help his fellow human beings. I do not mean only because it feeds his sense of superiority, so that he is reassured by feeling that he can look down from above to below; but also I believe that he possesses a passion of deeply frozen tenderness which such an appeal readily releases.

He cannot give his heart to *one* other—but to *all* others he can give pieces of it.

"There is nothing that would give me greater pleasure," he told me, "than to help you. I am wholly at your disposal since my daily Celebration is now over."

I knew that he took this "early Celebration" as it is called here, fasting; but that he did not mind prolonging his fast, I also knew. So we paced the wide grassy path together beneath the yellowing chestnut trees, while I told him of Lord Wendover's sudden plan. He listened in silence with bent head, his harsh face beautiful with sympathy.

"Yes—yes—" he said at last, when I had finished. "It is unfortunate that Lord Wendover *should* issue commands rather than make appeals. He is so strong that it does not occur to him that it is a weakness not to seek the co-operation of others. It is also a great pity that he should force an invalid to change her surroundings in so sudden a manner. I can feel for your distress as a doctor; but Lady Wendover is a person accustomed to make great personal sacrifices. She has a wonderful nature. Her strong

will is harnessed to spiritual laws. I do not anticipate that she will suffer physically from this change if it appears to her—as I must confess it does to me—as a direct call from God—a call to act with even greater generosity and courage!”

“That”, I said quickly, “is my own hope. You can do what it is frankly impossible for me—as a mere medical man—to achieve; you can inspire her to make this problem into an opportunity. The field of sacrifice—of generosity—and even of courage, is spiritual. It would be impertinent for me to suggest to my patient a moral reason for her making this effort; although I myself believe that the safety of one must never be set against the safety—or rather, the desperate insecurity—of many. Lord Wendover did not of course, say anything upon the telephone as to what he found in London. It would not have been possible, but he must have seen fearful things!”

Mr. Esdaile nodded gravely, but hardly as if he resented the danger to which Lord Wendover is personally exposed. He said reflectively, “He thinks a great deal of this place. I suppose what he suggests will completely spoil the house from a private point of view—at least for a very long time?”

“It will,” I agreed; “you cannot turn such a house into a hospital without changing it from roof to attic. It can be done though! I had been thinking the matter over—even before I received Lord Wendover’s message. This great house with its two wings, its big central rooms, the servants’ offices, and out-houses, would make a very good hospital. In the stables also—kept as beautifully as the house itself—doctors and nurses could have excellent quarters arranged for them. But what we must do in order to get everything ready in time, with the telephone working so badly and Lord Wendover necessarily in London, rather alarms me!”

“About practical matters you will find that Gillian will be a great help,” Mr. Esdaile told me reassuringly. “She is her father’s right hand and will have full authority to act as you both think best. My wife, too, I feel sure, will be highly useful. Both these young women are extremely competent and intelligent without any—as we say here—nonsense about them. Perhaps they have not got quite nonsense enough!” he added with a charming whimsical smile; “we, who are older, go about our business with less despatch, and a little more consideration for the feelings of others.”

As I did not wholly agree with this remark, I said nothing, but I hope I looked impressed. I am not at all sure that competence and despatch are not better signs of a co-operative spirit

than what is sometimes miscalled "consideration"—which may only be a pandering to fruitless emotions upon either side; although I do not consider tact to be useless when it is coupled with sincerity.

Mr. Esdaile impressed me still more by saying, "I will go straight to Lady Wendover while you tell Gillian. She passes close by here—through the drive, by the South Gate—to Bodmin at 9.15. That is the sound of her car! If you stand here, you can stop her while I go on to the house. I will meet you in the hall in half an hour's time."

He was off in a second—bounding like a boy—through the thick bracken. He has such eagerness, such enthusiasm, when he is on an errand of mercy, and all his errands *are* of mercy; only within himself, is this narrow rigid space of inhibition that leads to cruelty—only for Virginia, his wife, he has no mercy!

I stood in the middle of the road while Gillian stopped her car for me, unsmilingly, with a little frown of impatience.

"Do you want a lift?" she asked ungraciously; "I'm a little late already!"

"I have a message from your father," I told her. "I will be as quick as I can." And I gave it to her.

Immediately she stopped her engine and sat quite still in the car, looking straight in front of her.

"And he said", she repeated slowly after I'd finished speaking, "that Mother could live in the Dower House—did he?"

"He said it might be necessary," I agreed, "and indeed, I think it will be, for a large London hospital means three to four hundred beds and you will need all the room there is in Silver Fountains. Even perhaps tents will have to be put up on the lawn. No-one yet knows what intensive bombing upon open towns may produce in the way of casualties. In any case, a lot of reconstruction will be necessary and should be begun at once."

"I think", Gillian said after a pause, "you'd better get in. I'll telephone to my hospital and get a day off—and then I'll take you to Plymouth. We shall need all the time there is! What about Mother?"

"I think Mr. Esdaile will talk to your mother," I explained. "He believes that she will agree to the plan from a religious point of view. I met him just now, and he offered to put it to her in this sense—and he will let us know the result as soon as possible."

"I see," Gillian said dryly. "Well—get in! We'll have to go back to the house anyway for me to telephone."

I got in and barely had time to close the door, before she had

swept the car round across the turf, and was streaking up the drive at a pace that deprived me of breath. Yet Gillian is not a mad or careless driver. She knows exactly what she can do—and what she can't. It is only that her capacity for speed is startling. One does not expect so quiet and controlled a girl to act at such a formidable pace.

But I have already discovered that she has a fury in her. She became impatient after receiving permission to take the day off from her hospital.

"God always seems to take such a long time," she observed to me, "besides, I think it's silly! The thing's got to be done, hasn't it? Why don't you wait to find out what Mother thinks about it till we get back? We can leave a message for Michael!"

"No, I shall wait," I told her. "It is more respectful to your mother. One does not go faster or more smoothly when one drives across the feelings of others."

Gillian said, "Pooh!—all these feelings! . . . when things have to be *done*!"

"Some things can be done", I suggested, "while we are waiting. If I might have some paper, I would begin to make lists of what we shall need to find out. You also could help me by making a rough sketch of the inside of the house—its rooms, stairs, and passages."

Gillian gave me a sudden smile, that lit up her face as if a cloud-shadow moved away suddenly, from a bed of flowers.

"That's an idea!" she said and ran to fetch us both paper. Soon we were working away like old friends—she upon her drawings, and I upon my lists, though until that moment I had thought of Gillian as the only hostile acquaintance I had at Silver Fountains. Perhaps she was never really hostile; only the unsmiling face of a girl is so unlike those I was once used to; besides, to amuse or please Gillian is always a little difficult. Eunice had told me, "She is a very good girl—only some of her is frozen; and some of her is not yet awake."

Mr. Esdaile took exactly the half-hour he had foreseen; and I saw by his face as he came downstairs, that he had succeeded. He leaned over the table we were working at, and said half to Gillian and half to me, "Your mother is marvellous! She is willing to move almost immediately—and even suggested going into the gardener's cottage."

"And where would Elwin go, poor dear," Gillian demanded ungraciously, "and all the little Elwins—of course she knows the Dower House is both comfortable and empty!"

"Well—I reminded her of it," Esdaile said good-humouredly,

"and all she asks is that you, doctor, would just take a look at it on your way to or from Plymouth, so as to let her know how suitable you think it—and which room you would suggest for her. She is prepared to further our purpose in every way; and even hopes in a few weeks' time to take over some administrative post in the hospital."

"That's the last thing they'll want her to do!" Gillian said in an exasperated voice. "There'll be rows all over the place if she does that! After all what does she *know* about hospitals anyway? There'll be matrons and all sorts of swagger experts buzzing about; and they'll do all the proper things in the proper way. If Mother starts telling them off, there'll be merry Hell! You ought to know that yourself, Michael!"

Michael Esdaile looked at her with a twinkle in his eye which greatly surprised me.

"You run along, little tartar," he told her genially, "and leave your mother to us!"

Gillian accepted this admonition with a sudden friendly smile, as if she were not at all offended but rather relieved to be treated like a child; and indeed one has to remind oneself, so wise and practical is she about all material and mechanical matters, that she is very little more!

"All right!" she said. "Tartar yourself, Padre!" and then to me over her shoulder, "Come on!" and again we whirled off in her little car, licking up the miles to Plymouth at a rate that prevented conversation although it did not seem to prevent a certain increasing sense of companionship.

Barrow, too, gave up his day's work, and the three of us went through this commercial and prosperous-looking town, with a fine-tooth comb.

Gillian and Barrow quarrelled briskly over my head since each felt they knew better than the other, where to go and what to do. But we lost very little time over these bickerings for both of them knew a great deal. When they reached an impasse I was elected to choose between them; and I chose as impartially as I could.

I think between us we succeeded in making every preliminary investigation and arrangement possible.

The Plymouth people say they must have ten days to do all the removing and reconstruction necessary; but Gillian beat them down to a week. She insisted on seeing only the heads of firms; and by turns she wheedled and stormed them into acquiescence. Fortunately there is as yet no great curtailment of either manpower or of building materials in this rich country; or else they do not yet realize what a great need there will be for both.

I must say for so young a girl, Gillian shows a great deal of character and none of that mildness in action that I should have supposed natural to her.

We shall need extra lavatories, showers and sluicing facilities, kitchenettes and a complete theatre installation.

Gillian put in a long-distance call at noon, and in two hours' time she was connected with Lord Wendover, and had a further consultation with him. It was singularly short, and I thought on her part, cold. She did not ask him if he were safe, or would be in any way secure for the next few nights. Of course one might say that no-one can tell what security or what danger are likely to exist—but I thought at least a suggestion of anxiety upon her part would have seemed natural. But Barrow told me when she left us for a few moments, that for an English person to show anxiety about a loved one is *not* natural.

On the way back I had to insist with some urgency that she should stop at the Dower House. For some reason she seemed to wish to avoid this inspection greatly.

"It is always in order," she told me impatiently. "We could all move in to-morrow if we wanted to! Mother knows exactly what the rooms are like—and will sooner or later take the best of them! Why worry?"

"We promised Esdailc," I reminded her; "besides, I think your mother has a right to ask this little attention from us!"

"All right," she said reluctantly, "if we must, we must! Nobody would mind doing what she wanted—if she ever wanted anything sensible!"

This was the first time I had seen the Dower House. It seemed to glow in the late afternoon light as if a living strawberry had been crushed into its neat red bricks. It is a comfortable house with big square windows, standing in a secluded deeply-walled spot close to the West Gates of the Park, nearly a mile away from Silver Fountains. It was locked, but Gillian had the key with her. I thought it a charming interior; square, high-ceilinged rooms that looked as if they had never had secrets in them. I liked the old-fashioned furniture, and the wood it was made with—not dark, but bright, and as it were polished with age. The whole house is very well cared for, and even has about it an air as if it were already lived in.

Gillian rushed me through the rooms in a breathless hurry.

I was specially pleased with the main South bedroom which I saw was most suitable for my patient. It was there we came across the yellow scarf.

It was a lovely daffodil shade of yellow. It lay across a dark



shadow on the carpet; and looked made out of light. Both of us knew it by heart. It was Virginia's scarf.

Gillian gave a funny little gasp; and looked down at it as if it were a rattlesnake. Her eyes were horrified. She had more colour than I had ever seen in her face; but she said nothing. She simply backed away from that bright scarf to the door; and closed it quickly after us.

"Don't tell Mother we saw that!" she said when we were once more in the car; and then added: "Nor anybody else!"

"I will tell nobody," I assured her. "But what about Virginia herself?" I added as an afterthought.

"Oh, I'll deal with *her*!" Gillian said with a vicious twist of her soft lips that made her for a moment remind me of her father. I must say I have never in any other country come upon a young girl with such gentle and refined behaviour, so low a voice, so unassuming a manner, who yet holds such capacities both for action and for fury! Only to-day, after a fortnight in the same house with her, has she let me see either of these qualities. She is, of course, far less docile than I thought her, but from henceforward I shall rely on her more.

22nd October 1940

Lord Wendover, with his usual lavish directness, sent the hospital lists from London by special messenger. I was therefore able, by working through the night, to get the final Plymouth orders ready for to-day.

Just after midnight a knock came at my door; and Adrian strolled in. I thought he had just come in from the garden, for there was a strong West Wind blowing, and his hair was ruffled.

"Sorry," he said, a word used by the English oftener than any other, except perhaps the word, "Thanks". "Sorry if I interrupt, but if you have the time I thought we might have a little chat. I'm off to-morrow."

I have not mentioned that Adrian and I are on very friendly terms because I hardly knew till last night whether we were or not. My instincts told me that the boy, in some curious way, both liked and leaned on me; but he did not express any such feelings or even seek my company particularly, so that I had

concluded he was simply a less hostile human being than his sister, Gillian.

He possesses what is called "the Eton manner", and this also is apt to be misleading. "The Eton manner" seems to comprise great polish of behaviour on certain occasions with equal casualness upon others—and at any moment can turn from the suave to the insolent. One might say that this manner provides the maximum of defence for the Etonian and the minimum of security for the outsider. It can, however, be very agreeable; and accompanied as it is in Adrian's case, with great personal beauty, it is often most disarming.

I put aside the lists I had been working on and told him that I had reached a good moment for a break, and would be glad of a cigarette with him.

He took out his slim silver case and offered me one, taking trouble to light it for me; then he flung himself into a massive leather armchair, with one leg over its arm, and lit his own. Extreme hardness on furniture is another mark of the British young. No European parents would ever permit such rough action towards household treasures.

"I suppose you don't happen to know when my father is coming back?" Adrian demanded nonchalantly.

"No," I admitted, "your father has called up three times to-day but he has not mentioned any personal plans."

"He wouldn't," agreed his son gloomily. "He doesn't have plans—he just goes ahead and kicks anything in his way out of it! Is it really necessary to swamp this place into a hospital and deposit the family, lock, stock and barrel, in the Dower House?—I ask you! It seems rather hard on Mother too; but I understand you've squared her by appealing to the Almighty!"

I did not know whom he had understood this from, since he did not seem to be on speaking terms with his sister, and had certainly not yet seen his mother—though he was to pay her a farewell visit before going back to Eton. However, I thought it best not to ask this question but to stick closely to facts; so I told him with a glance at to-morrow's programme, typed for me by his sister, "The furniture vans arrive at 8 a.m. to-morrow. The men are to clear all the unused rooms first. The day after, they will empty the reception rooms, offices, etc. on the ground floor. The third day I fear the family move must take place. Reconstruction begins the day after to-morrow, but it will be confined to the downstairs rooms. I have satisfied myself that your Mother can be moved to the Dower House without danger."

Adrian jumped up and walked restlessly about the room, his hands in his pockets, examining everything as if he were looking at it for the first time. On Lord Wendover's instructions, I am working in his library which is entirely cut off from the rest of the house. It has its own offices, a separate door into the garden, and a small bedroom, bathroom and kitchenette attached to it. Even the telephone upon his vast desk has a line of its own and is not connected with the house-telephonic. I find that riches in England are seldom used for display, but always for increased privacy; and it would be hard to imagine anything more private than this special apartment of Lord Wendover's.

"You think my mother really on the mend?" the prowling youth asked with his back to me. He was examining a Chinese elephant, a small bronze of the fourth century—an object of extreme value—and he came back with it in his hands and settled once more into his deep armchair. He had chosen one that was in the shadow, so that I could not see his face, but the light from my reading lamp shone on his long slender fingers playing with the Chinese elephant.

The veins should not stand out on a boy's hands as strongly as they stand out upon Adrian's.

"Yes," I said consideringly; "your mother is better. But there are disturbing factors in her case. When I say she is better, I do not mean that we have yet removed these factors; and as long as they are there, we cannot prevent the recurrence of severe physical symptoms at any time."

"What are these mysterious factors?" Adrian asked a little superciliously. He seemed to think that he had a right to ask, and that I should be obliged to answer any question he might choose to put to me. This also is part of the Eton manner. It always assumes privilege on the part of the person using it.

Nevertheless, I decided that I would answer him fully. I have a great respect for the young. I think they should, whenever possible, be told the exact truth; also there was an air of greater maturity about the boy to-night than I had ever seen in him before.

"The factors against your mother," I said to him, "are three. She has had a false bringing-up; her nearest relationships have suffered lately from some form or other of breakdown; also she believes that she can—and indeed *ought*—to have what she wants. The world is not built on these principles for any human being. I cannot obtain for her what she wants, nor could any other medical adviser. What I *can* do for her is to show her how to adjust to *not* getting what she wants; but I cannot of course,

promise that she will do this adjusting, even after I have shown her the necessity. All I can tell you is that if she chooses to make these adjustments, she will be able to avoid the recurrence of her present symptoms, since they are the result and not the *cause* of her illness."

"Is that all psychology can do?" Adrian asked with an irony that just touched insolence.

"Psychology," I told him, "is a science, not a sort of Savonarola. It cannot reform people against their wills. It can only provide a better method of mixing the human ingredients presented to it. As it is a social science it must depend as much upon the patient's willingness to be cured, as upon the physician's skill in curing. There is neither force nor magic in psychiatry."

"And if the patient is too ill to make an effort, or doesn't particularly *want* to get well, then I suppose she just doesn't?" Adrian persisted.

"Probably not," I admitted, "but of course other fresh factors or new incentives towards recovery, might crop up. There is no truer saying than 'While there is life, there is hope'."

The boy whistled rather disconsolately.

"I am in rather an awkward fix," he stopped whistling to explain. "I know why my mother's upset. *I've* upset her. She mayn't have mentioned it to you, although she probably *has*, but I happen to be in love with Virginia—and she doesn't, of course, like it. The Padre is her particular spiritual pet, as no doubt you have discovered, and as he rather naturally doesn't like it either, it's a sort of double soup to be in!"

I merely nodded. When a reserved person once begins to talk, nothing can stop him; and he does not want to have to listen, until he has quite finished his unfamiliar exertion.

"It's quite true, I *am* in love with her," Adrian admitted, putting down the Chinese elephant with exaggerated care upon the edge of the desk nearest him. "I'm damnably in love with her. I dare say it seems rather odd my spilling the beans like this to you, but you seem to be fairly deep in the family councils already, and I can see you like Virginia. That makes it easier—for everybody else in this house now seems to have a down on her! Gillian has behaved like a beast about the whole thing—I can't think why, for she usually has some sort of 'stand-in-togetherness' with me about our bad half-hours! I don't expect Mother to like it, of course, but our generation usually keeps clear of personal taboos. However, this seems to be altogether too much for Jill—and I admit it's more serious than if it were just me. I might keep a stiff upper lip and get over it. 'Men

have died and worms have eaten them—but not for love.' I know all that! But you see Virginia cares too—that is to say she has been so good as to tell me, that if she wasn't six years older than I am, and the mother of two children, she'd divorce old Esdaile and marry me to-morrow!"

I was not altogether surprised to hear this statement. I had an idea that Virginia might have made it before—to many other men. Nor should I have been surprised if she added me to this collection of flattered confidants. But I should be really startled if she meant to marry a boy of eighteen, and give up her house, her family, and her financial security.

"The trouble is", Adrian went on after a pause to relight his cigarette which had gone out, "that old iceberg, Esdaile, won't divorce! Have you ever come across Saints before? I'd prefer a brute any day. You could knock a brute down and jump on him, but you can't very well knock down a man who starts praying for you while you're knocking, and who won't lift a finger to defend himself. Mind you, Esdaile's no coward. He'd fight like hell to defend anyone else! But that doesn't prevent his being awfully cruel too. He gets under one's skin! What Virginia has to suffer and *how!* Until you came, she simply hadn't a friend in this house! What I want to ask is, will you stand by her—for me—since I've got to go back to Eton? She told me to come to you herself!"

Well, of course, women will do these things—I couldn't help smiling!

"Set a thief to catch a thief!" is a good English saying, but to ask a thief to *support* a thief—is that quite so good?

Adrian and I are both thieves—for Virginia belongs to Esdaile. Actually speaking, we all belong only to ourselves; but Virginia has, alas, not learned to belong to herself; nor does she want to. She prefers to let this painful responsibility rest upon the nearest adoring male—only I don't think the nearest adoring male of the moment is either myself, or Adrian.

"What about your father?" I permitted myself to ask. "Won't he stand by you?"

Adrian's eyebrows shot up into his hair, exactly like his father's, and this is the only time I have ever seen the faintest resemblance between them.

"No, he won't," Adrian said curtly, stubbing his cigarette end viciously against the bronze elephant he had handled so carefully a few minutes earlier. "Nor should I dream of asking for his support!"

He got up once more and began moving about the room. He

seemed to prefer shooting this part of the conversation at me, over his shoulder.

"My father", he added, "is a bit of a problem to me at the moment. Up to now, he's been a pretty decent parent; coughs up when necessary; and doesn't ask questions. In fact, Gillian and I wouldn't have quite known where we were without him. I'm fond of my mother—Gillian isn't—but you know what I mean? My father's all there, and can be counted on to take things in—whereas my mother is generally somewhere else—and only takes in what she wants to think is there—and nine times out of ten, it just isn't!"

He glanced back at me over his shoulder with eyes that shone brightly and wildly like an animal's. I nodded reassuringly, for I knew that he had described his parents with remarkable shrewdness.

"Another thing I'd like to know," he jerked out, after a somewhat prolonged pause, "does a man of forty-five have to lose his head about girls? Is it physically necessary like old David in the Bible—and all that? Why doesn't a man like my father take to women—if not of his own age, at least reasonably nearer it—between thirty and forty, say? Virginia's only twenty-four! Not quite that—and I'm eighteen which is grown up really if people would only see it! After all, I'm considered old enough for the 'Drink' in a few months' time, aren't I?"

I had to find out at this point what he was talking about. It seems Adrian is joining the Air Force when he leaves Eton, and he meant by the 'Drink' that he expects to be drowned. It is quite probable that he will be either drowned or burned within the next twelve months. The psychology of intelligent boys in Great Britain to-day cannot be normal when we consider this premature doom hanging over their heads.

"Men of your father's age," I told him, "don't unfortunately feel old—any more than boys of eighteen feel young. You, who are going to learn how to ride the air, at the rate of three hundred miles an hour or more, must already know that age and time mean nothing! We have got rid of them both; and at least half the world has jettisoned its conscience with them. We presumably belong to the other half. We have kept our consciences. That's our problem. If we too throw our consciences overboard we shall be left the victims—not the masters—of our great discoveries!"

The boy shook his head impatiently. He did not seem to think that conscience was the kind of thing to be applied to a personal problem.

"Well, my father doesn't seem much troubled by *his* conscience!" he remarked rather acidly. "I needn't say more than that he definitely bothers Virginia! That's why I want your help. There must be someone to stand by and take care of her—since her husband won't! Let *her* talk to you about her difficulties—and if you don't mind, sometimes talk to you about *me*! We need to feel we have some sort of a link between us, in this damned intricate and yet hostile household—someone who isn't trying to get us both down!"

"I shan't try to get either of you down," I said, after a considerable pause, "but I can't promise to be of much use to Virginia. Have you tackled your father directly about her—so that he knows your feelings?"

Adrian turned to face me. He stood quite still. His brilliant eyes met mine in a long look that was, I think, the saddest look I have ever had to meet from so young a human being—and that is saying a good deal.

The eyes of the dying are grave, but they are not so sad. The eyes of the disinherited are desperate, but they are not disillusioned, for they have not seen their inheritance turn to ashes—they have only been deprived of it; but this boy had seen his father's love crumble beneath him like a burned-out stick.

He shook his head and murmured, "I told him all right—and he laughed at me!"

Power makes men very cruel. That is why no-one should have it over the destinies of others. I found it hard to forgive Tom Wendover for laughing at his adolescent son.

"I can tell you what I know," I told him; "that is all the help I can be to you. I believe—whatever wild intemperate fancy your father may have for other women—he is still tied to your mother. I don't know why—or how; but I am quite sure that no man tries to hurt his wife and no woman tries to hurt her husband unless they are still, as we say, 'in love' with each other. There is no real indifference between your father and mother—it is War to the Knife."

"And you think *love* is War to the Knife?" he asked me incredulously, his dark thin eyebrows rising—without insolence this time—in a sort of pained wonder . . . for Virginia knows how to make men happy.

"Love *can* be used as a weapon," I answered him, "but I do not think war is the purpose of love. On the contrary, I think the purpose of love is to produce life. It is only death for which we need weapons. I suppose that Freedom means we not only *can* control such a force as love—but that we *must* control it, or

else like electricity or any other natural force, it becomes dangerous!"

He turned this comment of mine over in silence for a long time; then he said, "I think I see what you mean, but it's not much good to me—unless you can get my father to see it too! If he's trying to flirt with Virginia—and he is trying to, you don't deny that, and I can see it for myself—why then he'll *never* do anything to help me! And you see I need a certain amount of help. Virginia has no money. We can't get married till I'm on my feet. Well—it's either up to my mother or my father to provide for me. Both have promised me a decent income when I come of age—but I'm at their mercy about it; and I doubt when it comes to Virginia and me setting up together, if either of them is going to show any mercy! Of course as soon as I have my wings, I'll earn something, and it isn't as if either of us cared a damn about money—but naturally as I may get done in before very long, I don't want Virginia to starve!"

I very nearly smiled again, at the thought of Virginia starving under these—or any other—circumstances.

The boy, however, was deadly serious so I simply told him as reassuringly as I could, "In my experience, parents always give in to the *fait accompli*—in the long run, that is!"

"Yes, but you see," the boy replied with ruthless logic, "my run isn't likely to be a very long one, is it? Divorce takes a hell of a long time to put through, especially as old man Esdaile is going to dispute it. I've got to have some sort of support to bring anything off, what you might call—even at my age—reasonably soon!"

I tried another tack altogether.

"Must it really *be* marriage!" I asked him. "Whichever way you look at it, Virginia has two perfectly good children which she took the responsibility of bringing into the world. What do you propose she should do with them now—desert them?"

The boy winced.

"They'll be well taken care of," he said stiffly, after a pause. "Esdaile is, after all, a just beast—they're his children."

Of this I was not perfectly sure. The younger of the two children bore a marked resemblance to Lord Wendover.

"Nature", I said, "provides children with mothers. You must forgive me, but I am a scientist, and I believe in nature, so that mothers are the only provision for children that I am inclined to think is satisfactory."

"Then you'd tie her up to that stick Esdaile, for life?" he asked with an indignant flush.



"Not particularly tightly, I wouldn't," I reminded him. "But I would expect that anyone who took his place should accept the children as his wife's, and therefore care for them as his—if re-marriage, that is to say, were contemplated."

"Well—I'd do that," the boy agreed with reluctance, "if I had the money. But don't you think some women aren't meant for mothers? Virginia married at nineteen. That's awfully young to know what you're in for, isn't it? Esdaile insisted on their having a child at once. He has some fool notion that you can't lie with a woman without. Of course, everything he thinks is bunkum—but he sticks to his bunkum like a leech! He hasn't lived with her at all since the last child was born. You can't very well call it breaking up a marriage, for her to make a fresh start with me—can you?"

"No," I admitted, thinking of my own wife—Klara. "I should even expect it—but not this dropping-down, into the nearest gutter, of the child or children for whom you are responsible! After all, the love of a husband whom you have wholly repudiated must be looked upon as a moral gutter. Esdaile is quite likely to punish the children for their mother's leaving him, while thinking that he is doing his duty by them. There is another point to consider. You realized what I meant about your father and mother—well, have you thought it might also be true as regards Esdaile and Virginia? Have you thought that man may be a monogamist, by instinct? Not that he *need* have only one woman in his life—that depends upon *when* he has her, and what he thinks of her; but there really seems to me to be a natural difficulty in replacing a woman who has been the centre of a man's life—the mother of his child—the core, as it were, of his main responsibility on earth—by any other woman, while she lives I mean, and is accessible?"

He lit another cigarette and thought this over in silence.

"Couldn't one make even a *first* mistake?" he then demanded.

"Certainly, what you say might be true if one could be sure of making the right choice early enough—but one doesn't grow wise as quickly as all that! How can one be sure, until one tries it out?"

"One *is* sure," I said, with a physical pang that quite literally shook me, "if one has lost a wife and child; and when they *have* been the core of one's life! I suppose that your father and Esdaile *are* sure. I think your mother, too, half realizes it. I think Virginia may know it; or that if she left Esdaile and the children, she might find it out. Have you read *Anna Karenina*? It is the best treatise on the subject that I know. I don't think Tolstoi loaded

his dice against his illicit lovers. He found that such a situation just didn't work; and he shows us why. Yet one always respects the lovers, who were serious people, and took all their risks with courage. Of course you realize that there is an alternative to Virginia's leaving her home. Any generous woman who is in love with you, will be your mistress. Esdaile has only himself to thank if he is replaced as a lover, since he will not act like one."

The boy turned his back to me, and said, "There is a perfectly good moon, and it's damned hot in here. Would you mind turning the lamp off, so that I can put the curtains back?"

I thought to myself that he was a reliable fellow to have remembered the black-out at a moment like this. I turned the lamp out and he threw open the french window, on to the moonlit terrace. Then he came back to his chair. I could not see him any more but I could tell by his faint movements after this, that he had sat down. I think he put his head between his hands and cried; but he made no sound.

For a long while we sat together in the tempered darkness.

At last, he said, "Well—that's that!"—an English expression that I have never fully understood.

He got up and drew the curtains back again. I took this as a tacit permission to switch on the reading lamp, upon his father's desk.

"Well," he said, strolling back to his former chair but not sitting down in it, "we've had the deuce of a pow-wow, haven't we? I think I must be getting along to bed now. I hope I haven't bored you! Anyhow, you'll stand by Virginia for me—won't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I will—stand by Virginia."

I too, got up. I expected him to shake hands, or to make some other sign of partnership, or at least farewell, but he simply wandered slowly across the great room towards the door—and without turning for so much as a final glance at me, closed it softly behind him. We had cleared up none of his difficulties; nor had he informed me what he intended to do, or even what he wished me to do for him.

In what, for instance, did "standing by Virginia" consist?

This young man has saddled me with a responsibility, for a difficulty he himself created; but the boy is young and cruelly ridden by a passion that cannot take its natural course. Full responsibility is the grown man's perpetual task. If Andreas had asked such an obligation from me, how gladly would I not have undertaken it! Well—I *will* stand by Virginia, for Adrian's sake, as the English say—"somehow".

23rd October 1940

I was not wholly surprised to find my patient less well to-day. The limelight is now off her. No longer can she shine as the heroine in the act of giving up her hearth and home to the injured. Shining must stop, and steps have now to be taken to carry out her sacrifice. Everyone else is too busy taking these steps even to notice whether she is being picturesque or not.

I had hardly reached Lady Wendover's bedside before she began to find fault with the arrangements she had been willing for us to make the day before, in order to remove the furniture.

"Please bring me the Inventory!" she demanded, "I wish to see *exactly* what things you propose are to leave the house; and what are supposed to remain."

I brought her my typed copy. It runs into many pages, so rich is this great house with all its treasures! The picture dealers are to take the famous pictures away to their own picture vaults for the duration; and half a great warehouse has been reserved for the furniture.

The removal vans had already come. Gillian and I were directing and supervising the packers, when I was summoned again to Lady Wendover.

This time she was much more displeased.

"The work must be stopped at once!" she said. "I cannot possibly have these things taken away so indiscriminately! I should have been consulted first, and I must have several days at least in which to make my choice. Certainly I shall not part with the Sir Joshuas! It is ridiculous to think of removing my boudoir furniture in this manner—in fact every room in the house has pictures in it which I might specially need, or miss. Tom always takes this high-handed way of doing things over my head when I am ill—but at least I should have supposed my own daughter, or my own physician, would have shown a little more consideration for my needs and feelings. You have taken a great deal too much upon you in carrying out this move wholesale, without consulting me! No doubt I did say that Silver Fountains should be used as a hospital, but not that its contents should be emptied out, on to the nearest dung heap. Am I not the mistress of my own home? Surely I have the right to say which of my things I wish to give up—and which I wish to have remain within *my reach*? How do you know that I should not prefer to have the

Dower House furniture warehoused, and some of this—with which I am accustomed to live—moved into its place?”

I thought it better not to remind her that she had said yesterday that she would give up everything she possessed; and begged us to undertake the removal without further argument or discussion with her, since she was too ill to pick and choose. She would be content, she had told us, with a cottage and a crust, in order to save the London hospital.

“Surely, you have every right,” I agreed readily, “and I will see that the work is stopped at once. Shall I send away the vans and the removal men? They will not be able to come again for several weeks, and the hospital staff is arriving in a few days’ time. Would it not be wiser to telephone to London to give up the whole scheme? The nightly bombing is, as you know, continuous, so that the staff should make other arrangements immediately.”

Lady Wendover tossed her head back on the pillow and bit her lips. Her eyes looked as if they were held open with pins, and had a distracted furious expression. She was in a highly destructive state of mind; but she could not afford to show that it was destructive; and this of course annoyed her even more seriously.

“Fidget!” she cried sharply to the adoring shadow at the foot of the bed. “I wish you would keep still, and stop opening and shutting your mouth like a fish—you’re driving me mad!”

“Fidget” as a pet name for Miss Fitchett, is one of Lady Wendover’s jokes; and although she was in no joking mood this morning she still used it.

“All this is a terrible shock to me!” she said bitterly, directing her unhappy face towards me. “I feel my generosity has been taken gross advantage of! I could not sleep all night and now my heart is leaping against my side—I think I am going to faint!”

I motioned to Miss Fitchett—who fluttered towards her—to leave the room; and rather to my surprise, she obeyed me.

I then took up the lists that had fallen off the bed on to the floor; and turned away as if I also were going to withdraw.

Lady Wendover whispered, “Doctor!—my heart!”

“You would perhaps like a glass of water?” I asked her, and fetched her some from her bed table. I did not offer her anything stronger because as soon as she stopped trying to be breathless, I knew that she would feel less faint. Her palpitation was produced by anger; but it is not any use reminding people not to be angry.

After drinking a little water, she said in quite a strong voice, "You are not going to leave me in this condition surely—where is Fidget?"

"I suggested that she should leave the room," I explained. "I could see that she was annoying you; and since you are in the right position for your heart, and with plenty of fresh air blowing in upon you, you will soon feel better. I will therefore leave you to lie quite quiet—while I carry out your instructions!"

She said, "No! don't! I haven't given any instructions yet. Give me the list again."

I did so, and she sat up as if there were nothing the matter with her—which was indeed the fact.

"At least you might give me an hour or two," she said petulantly, "to go over these wretched lists, so that I can put a mark against what I want at the Dower House, what is to be kept elsewhere, and what the men can take! You seem to forget that I have just had to part with my only boy—I saw him last night—who knows if not for the last time? And under the most distressing circumstances! No-one takes the least care or notice of my feelings—but I am used to that! I had however supposed that as a doctor, you would show some consideration for my state of health, and not bring the house about my ears while I am still prostrate!"

I handed her a gold pencil; the lists; and arranged a bed-desk upon which it would be easy for her to write.

"Do not fatigue yourself unnecessarily," I told her. "I will go now and give the order to the men to stop working immediately. Your health is my first consideration, and I am more than anxious that you should not overtax your powers while carrying out the magnificent sacrifice you are making for the bombed-out citizens of London! It is necessary that we trust each other, however. I will see that you do what you have undertaken to do, without too great a risk—if you will try to believe that I am a capable judge of what you *can* do! Believe me, I am watching you very carefully, and if you follow my directions, you will achieve your purpose."

"What do you mean by my purpose?" she asked in her sharp bullying manner; and it was the point—for I knew quite well that she *would* achieve her purpose, which was to upset the whole household one way or another, unless I was able to give her an even more important role than that of being a public nuisance.

Still I felt moderately certain that she would now alter the lists without undue delay. She has great executive capacity,

which she is capable of using to good effect, if her authority is not threatened.

While I watched her, her eyes became calmer; and more accessible.

"A little chicken broth," I suggested, "and then—the effort! We shall all feel the happier for your being able to help us about what to retain of these great treasures. I must admit I had not thought it possible for you to make these decisions so soon after the parting with your son—but courage achieves miracles!"

She smiled, and said graciously, "Well, I will try not to be any longer than I can help, and if Fidget brings the chicken broth I will take some of it!"

The workmen after due consultation, agreed to work on after their usual hours in order to make up for the present stoppage. I was empowered to spend what I thought right; and I made it worth their while. Gillian, however, proved a real problem, nor could she be paid into complaisance.

She went with me into a small visitors' room off the hall where we could speak in private, while I told her what had taken place. The absorbing hot anger of the young swept over her.

"The men can't be stopped like this," she told me furiously, her small hands clenched, her grey eyes blazing. "Yesterday Mother told us to do whatever we liked—with everything! She *can't* take back what she said, now—and begin picking and choosing! Every hour is precious—you know what there is to do! Doesn't she understand that to hold up the work is to lose lives? You don't know what she's like—she may spend days deciding what she will, or won't, have taken. You have my father's orders, and ought to *see* that they're carried out. Let her keep her own two rooms full of her favourite stuff if she must—but the house is a Wendover house, and the things in it belong to Wendovers! If you're afraid of her, let me go up and tell her what I think! You're *some* kind of a doctor, aren't you? Surely you can tell her she's not well enough to alter lists!"

There was the same agony of thwarted power in the daughter that I had noticed in the mother—but the daughter was the more adjustable. The mother only wanted to have her own way; the daughter wanted to have her own way too, but she also wanted to save the hospital. I hoped that she wanted to save the hospital even more than she wanted her own way.

"You must ask yourself", I said firmly, "which it is you wish to relieve—your own temper, or the situation! Your mother is even now making her alterations in the Inventory. If we leave her to do this, unopposed, I believe they will be moderate. The

men have agreed to work overtime. We have therefore nothing to lose—except our tempers! But one foolish word to your mother—one hint of opposition—and once more the fire will be over the fat!”

I knew that this was incorrect English for this homely saying; but it made Gillian smile. She ceased to launch herself into a good imitation of a ramping Hitler.

“Wait a little,” I urged gently, “and meanwhile help me in another matter. I think it wiser to have your mother moved to-day. There will be fresh trouble to-morrow if she is on the spot. I had hoped to let her have a few days more in her own room here, but she can be moved very quickly and easily to the Dower House—and there she will find a sphere which she can turn upside down at will. If she stays here, she will either endanger our plans, or have a serious relapse into illness.”

For a moment I thought Gillian would say, “No!” I even saw her lips form the stubborn word. A furrow crossed the lovely line of her brow. She wrinkled her small, pugnacious nose.

“But,” she said, “the Dower House is not in order—it should be aired all day first! I know she *could* move in, but I had meant to do a lot to make it more comfortable—and now?”

“—and now—” I said, “could you not mean something different?” Sometimes when I looked at Gillian I thought of Rosemary watering her white tulip to death. Both had the same energetic instinct—and both the same distrust of Life.

“But you don’t know Mother,” Gillian expostulated. “She will find fault with everything and make so much trouble! She will need everyone to wait on her all at once; and besides, if she really *is* ill, oughtn’t she to find everything properly prepared for her, and go straight to bed surrounded by everything she is accustomed to, in the way of comforts?”

“Not at all,” I said, “it will do her a great deal of good to find fault, and to have to rearrange matters. The house is warm and dry. It is still summer weather. The cook and two maids can go on a few hours ahead of her. Miss Fitchett will accompany her after tea, to run her errands, while you can drive them in perfect security to their destination—only at a slower pace than usual. Then you will return as quickly as you like before the complaints begin! You have perhaps already seen that the scarf is removed?”

The colour swept up to her forehead, over her pale, clear skin.

“It *is* removed,” she said, and shut her lips as if nothing on earth would ever make them open again.

It spoils the smooth curve of her lips, when she shuts them so tightly. The upper lip is very short and well-shaped. It is a pity she is wholly without the warmth and seductiveness of Virginia.

Gillian *did* open her lips again after a long, cold silence to say, "If those are your orders, I suppose I must carry them out. I should have thought if Mother *could* become seriously ill at a moment's notice, it would be a risk to get her up after weeks in bed, and hustle her into a house not fully prepared for her. I suppose you know she staged another row with Adrian last night? She hasn't seen *me* yet—so I expect you thought that would be even worse for her!"

How jealous children are of their parents' love, even when they do not love their parents! Gillian made me think of Andreas when I kissed his mother. Yet he loved me nearly as much as he did his mother; and I loved him as a man loves his only child.

I did not answer her at once—not until she turned her offended wintry eyes directly upon me. Then I smiled at her—perhaps too tenderly, for I was still thinking of Andreas.

"It might be worse for *you*—rather than for her," I ventured; "but at least you would not become seriously ill from falling into a temper. That would only happen if you were her age and had worn yourself out by having had your own way all your life!"

It is beautiful to see the stillness of human eyes flash suddenly into movement; but I was sorry that anger, rather than pleasure, made Gillian's eyes change so swiftly as they met mine.

"You have no right to speak to me like that!" she said, which I suppose means that I am a servant and paid for my services rather than for my opinions.

I made no answer, for it is always better to let others have the last word if you are angry; and I knew that I was very angry.

I went about my business, and all day long I felt sad and heavy and did my work less well for my foolish anger. The displeasure of a young and attractive girl can be very galling, I find—even to a ghost. I wished that I could have told Eunice about it. She has that strange gift in a woman that she non-conducts all undue emotion. James, who is the least exaggerated person I know, although one of the most sensitive, has greatly profited by Eunice's complete absence of reaction. She feels *with* him, but retains her power to make all such feeling light. I used to be a little like this myself; but pain has made me very vulnerable



to pain; and what is anger in oneself or in another person, but an uncontrolled and intemperate pain?

After all, I had succeeded in easing our situation enough so that we could carry out our job, and that is my only business here—or elsewhere. My patient soon decided upon what pictures and furniture she wished to retain; and I altered the lists accordingly, so that the workmen only lost two hours of their daylight time; and this they made up during the black-out.

Gillian moved her mother at teatime quite successfully, but in tight-lipped silence, to the Dower House. Miss Fitchett telephoned me at 9 p.m. to say that my patient had eaten her dinner; and was wonderfully well, considering. She had found everything in a dreadful state; and had to change all the existing arrangements before she could think of resting.

"She will rest all the better," I said to Miss Fitchett, "for having had to make these changes; and now you will give her the sedative I ordered, and perhaps get a little rest yourself. I can imagine that you need it! To-morrow you may find that she is still more active."

Miss Fitchett did not laugh; in fact I have rarely seen her smile, and never heard her laugh; but she made a little sound that I heard across the wires; as if she agreed with me and was even a little amused, with the completeness of her agreement.

I find that Miss Fitchett and I understand each other very well, for both of us are devoted to my patient although we do not think that the end of the world comes when she thinks it does.

24th October 1940

Left alone last night with the rather complicated lists of my patient's wishes, it seemed simplest to collect each piece separately all over the house, and assemble them together in one of the already empty rooms. I could not be sure that anyone—except Miss Fitchett and myself—was really anxious to carry out my patient's wishes; and I have always noticed that when people do not want to do a thing, quite important details may get confused or overlooked.

I am physically a strong man, but heavy weights carried along the base of the neck and the spine rarely strain a healthy

human being so I put on my bedroom slippers and carried the furniture piece by piece.

I thought of what was happening in London, perhaps last night, where men struggled to lift the beams of fallen houses off human beings—under a hail of bombs! My work seemed trifling in comparison, and I was sorry that I was not helping or saving anybody—only property. I have never despised property. Men have a right to collect what they like and need for living purposes. All well-made things have a sound human value. Nor are they only *things*—they are the work of man's creative mind. One should believe, I think, in the validity of the object, and give it the care and protection it needs. But whether any one man should possess quite so many objects or quite such precious ones, or indeed any, which require the care and protection of others apart from himself, is another question.

My patient has never taken any trouble for her possessions. She has always paid for others to care for and protect them. Yet they are hers alone, to enjoy—or to control.

I do not think I ever thought so much about property before, as I did last night, carrying those chairs and tables, cabinets and pictures. I did not envy the Wendovers their possessions; indeed I rather liked knowing that I was independent of the things I carried. Perhaps we never know the intrinsic value of a beautiful thing unless it does *not* belong to us. But I could not help wondering if owning valuable objects might not make a person feel that he was himself valuable when he was not. There is a certain arrogance in rich people that I am sure is quite unconscious, and I think it may come from their confusing what they happen to own, with what they happen to *be*! There is another thing I have noticed living here in this rich household; the property of the Wendovers seems to act as a screen. It hides from them the needs and wishes of others. Perhaps it hides from them even their own. If this War is won in any real sense I think it will not reach this goal without parting with its present sense of Possession. Production rather than profit should be the aim of a living Democracy.

While I was carrying a flawlessly inlaid Bühl cabinet on my back, and edging down the main staircase with it, Gillian came out of her bedroom on to the landing. It must have been about three o'clock in the morning.

She wore an extremely well-cut black camel-hair pyjama suit with flame-coloured collar and cuffs; and it brought out the colour of her hair and eyes very pleasantly.

She did not speak; she just looked at me, and followed me

downstairs into the billiard room where I was making the collection for her mother. She closed the door very softly behind us, and stood with her back against it.

"What on earth are you doing?" she demanded accusingly, as if it must inevitably be something wrong.

I explained, but I could not tell from her expression what she thought. She keeps her inner life as closed as if she locked the family jewels behind the screen of her young features.

I got rid of the cabinet which had a marble top and was heavy and seating myself on the edge of a solid davenport lit a cigarette.

"Why on earth," she repeated, "are you carrying these things about—instead of waiting for the workmen, or the servants, to remove them to-morrow? It is fantastic of you to work by night as well as by day. And, anyhow, moving furniture is not your business."

"If I think it will result in benefit to my patient, I find that it is my business," I replied firmly. "I happen to think that human affairs do not do well in pigeon-holes. What I have done to-night saves time; that is to the good of our common purpose. And it might also save muddles; that will be to the good of my patient. She might resent it if her wishes were not carefully carried out."

"You mean I should not be careful about my mother's wishes?" she asked angrily.

"Care might not be taken——" I amended. "To-morrow there will be a great many workers doing a great many things. To-night there has only been one worker doing one thing—and that is nearly finished. There remain, to bring down, only two Sir Joshuas, the Gainsborough, and the little Fragonard over the drawing-room mantelpiece."

"Did Mother *know* you were going to spend the night carrying about all this furniture?" Gillian then asked me.

She stood very stiffly against the closed door, rather I thought, like a young Saint in a niche over the doorway of Chartres; although naturally enough the young Saint wears a robe of ribbed stone, rather than soft pyjamas.

"I felt free to carry out your mother's wishes as I thought best," I told her smilingly, for I can never help smiling at a young woman whose wish is to be fierce and whose appearance is so pleasant. Besides, why should a girl be annoyed when she is young and good to look at, and sees that the man she is speaking to, is enjoying her society?

"Ever since you've been in this house, you've interfered with something!" Gillian burst out.

She was evidently in a much more serious rage than I had thought.

"I am always finding you helping the cook, talking to the gardeners, or fetching and carrying for Fidget! It is so unnecessary—and rather impertinent—besides, do you *never* sleep?"

"I relax in various ways," I told her. "Last night, for instance, Adrian came and talked to me, and to-night you are paying me a visit. I shall sleep later on. It is only three o'clock. In Wien we begin our café life at about ten, and often talk till morning. If one works all day, it is a waste of time not to spend part of the night for pleasure! Besides, I have no habits—such things as habits belong to old men with beards whose muscles are stiff!"

I wanted her to smile, but she wouldn't. She said just as angrily, though the thing she suggested doing was kind, "Well—at least since I *am* up, I shall get you some soup, or coffee. Please come with me into the kitchen!"

She would have spoken in a far more friendly way to a dog.

The kitchen is a charming room, and very well kept by my friend, Caroline, the cook. It is quite true that I have taught her how to make an Apfelstrudel, as well as pancakes soaked in wine, which the peasants in Tirol call "Drunken Brides"! She is an intelligent and friendly girl whom I respect greatly.

It was obvious that Gillian knew nothing about the kitchen; and I preferred to make the coffee myself.

"Soup," I told her, "is not a dawn dish. If you wish to eat, I will scramble some eggs. The bread is in the larger of the two blue tins on that table——!"

Gillian bit her lips and frowned; but she brought me what I asked for, and soon we had a good meal, made with perfect ease upon an electric cooker.

I was hungry and I rarely enjoyed a meal more. I found some hothouse peaches and grapes in the Frigidaire, and these went very well after scrambled eggs and coffee.

There is as yet no food shortage in England; but it is bound to come, later. The rate at which the ships are being sunk is terrible. This, everyone knows, but what it must imply they seem not to understand. I hope they will never lose their spirit of optimism, these English; but optimism without foresight, or the energy to take the steps that alone can justify optimism—this might spell their doom!

Gillian began to look less frozen after we had worked and eaten together. I made her put on Caroline's apron, while we

washed up our plates and cups. When we had finished she said, "Now I will help you carry the pictures."

We found a step-ladder and took it to the drawing-room. Last of all, I lifted down the lovely little Fragonard.

"How the French understand the combination of pleasure and dignity," I told her. "The little figures in this landscape are as responsible and natural as the trees and flowers. They are in order—and yet they dance. I sometimes think, Miss Gillian, that in this country you hardly rate pleasure high enough—your idea of it is strenuous and yet irresponsible! It seems to depend always upon other things—a ball—a gun—horses or greyhounds! Yet we ourselves, can make pleasure. You English are not always very human, if I may say so!"

Gillian sat on, the floor, close to the step-ladder, while I sat on the top of it, with the Fragonard upon my knees.

"I'm human enough," Gillian said without looking round at me, "and I could be *gay* too—if I were happy!"

"You are troubled about Adrian," I said. "Perhaps you think as I do, that he drove away very early this morning in his fast sports car, to some station at which Virginia joined him, and that they spent a wonderful day together before he returned to Eton!"

"How did you possibly guess," she said, the lovely, furious pink creeping up to her forehead.

"I guessed," I explained, "because had I been Adrian, I should have done exactly the same—if you were Virginia, of course!"

"That's nonsense," she said sharply, and would perhaps have stamped her foot—a thing I have read about in English novels but not yet seen done—had she not been sitting on the floor; "you don't even mean it—you would have *preferred* it to be Virginia! Oh, if only Uncle James were here!"

"Why do you not send for him then," I asked. "The Dower House has seven bedrooms."

"I did send for him, in a way," she explained. "I wrote a postcard. I said couldn't they come down sometime for a week-end! But they didn't!"

"Upon this famous postcard—you did not perhaps say *why* they were to come?" I ventured.

"Oh, well," Gillian answered, "they might have guessed. Adrian is such a *fool*! He can't see Virginia doesn't mean anything! He won't let me tell him the truth! We always used to share things, and say everything straight bang out to each other! You see there *are* only the two of us. Now he's gone all frozen

and polite and says nothing! As for Virginia—well, obviously she *knows* what I think of her. She was my friend first! It was so wonderful—her being American—and such *fun*! I always stood up for her—whatever she did. Now it's all horrible—and I'm just ashamed!"

Perhaps she wanted to cry—but she did not cry—only I watched her eyes fill, and then empty again. She gave a little hopeless, exasperated sigh—sadder than tears. She is far younger than a Viennese girl of nineteen could ever be. I am quite certain that Gillian has never had a lover. Admirers of course—by the dozen perhaps—but so far off! Her heart is as untarnished and immaculate as a mountain peak after a first snowfall.

I thought it was best to speak to her with absolute directness. "You feel ashamed?" I asked her; "but I cannot see quite why. To be a little hurt, because people in love are very selfish and have shut you out, that I can easily understand! To be apprehensive, because behind this young affair of Adrian's there is something more serious between Virginia and your father, that too, I can understand; but of what are *you* ashamed? Cowardice and treachery are shameful things. I do not know what else is—except the most shameful of all, perhaps—cruelty to each other! You have not shown these qualities—except perhaps unconsciously—the last!"

"It is a sort of treachery," she said in a voice so low that I could hardly catch her words, "what is happening—and I have to feel in it too, because I *am* my father's daughter! What he does, really happens to me as well! Besides, I may laugh at my mother—I may be angry with her—for so much of what she says is rubbish; and she *will* order me about—but after all, she *is* my mother! I've always taken Father's side when they have had rows, because I've known he was right. He orders me about too, but he's sensible. But this—this business about Virginia—it's changed my whole life!"

"Ah, one's life!" I said unsympathetically because I felt she needed me to make matters lighter for her, "it is always necessary to change it! But it should never, except very superficially, depend upon the lives of others. Are you not making altogether too much of this business of love-making? In one sense you can't make too much of it. Love is our daily bread. Without it life is worthless—it is not even life. But you make it too romantic! Look at the facts carefully, and you will feel better. Since Adrian was ten years old—and he is now eighteen—your mother, a highly attractive and physically competent woman, refused to

live with your father. She has been perfectly faithful to him—if to be stagnant is to be faithful! No other man has so much as touched her. This friendship she has with the clergyman, Michael, is a subliminal liaison of an atrocious innocence! Please forgive the strength of my language, but I am both a man of science and a Viennese—therefore a healthy instinct translated into a spiritual flirtation is far more immoral to me than any physical relationship.

"Your father suffered as only a forcible and healthy human being can suffer. You have only to look at his face to read the lines of his torment. What then could be more natural than that he should seek release, from a young and healthy girl—also deserted—who is the actual wife of the man to whom he owes his defeat? After all, husbands or wives are defeated when their mates find any other companionship preferable to their own! It does not matter if this companionship is with someone of the same sex—even a dog can be made to hurt a lover—or a book—or a musical instrument; or the record of a gramophone. It is what takes the place of an old joy, that is so cruel a wound. The intention is all that matters. Your mother and father unfortunately now wish to give each other pain instead of wishing to give each other pleasure. They have turned their love inside out. It is a pity, and it certainly makes a complication for their children, but you have to free yourself—and to help Adrian free himself—of this complication."

Gillian turned her head round so that she could look straight at me. She had never done this before, except in some sideways insignificant manner, as if she were observing the room I took up in the space surrounding us, so that she might not find me in her way.

It is shocking to me to realize that at nineteen any human being can be as regardless of sex as this child is. The facts she has doubtless known for many years—but their spiritual significance has wholly escaped her.

"But how can we free ourselves?" she asked me. "Father is married to Mother—we both belong to them! This is our home! We're very fond of Michael, all of us—even Father! He prepared Adrian and me for confirmation. He's been in some ways our best friend. He's not only religious—he's great fun. I don't think you understand about Michael—he can be quite awfully respected. Virginia thought he was a saint, and wanted to marry him—as you would a film star. It was a sort of stunt, she told me, to see if a saint *would* marry her! Well—he did, and she didn't like it because there was always God—and Michael was so particular.

She ought to have known he would be, oughtn't she? She told me once he stopped being her lover when she only flirted! I *do* see a little what you mean about Virginia—only *not* Father!

"Naturally I don't know very much about my parents, but they've always seemed fond of each other! I mean they've had rows and Mother's always interfered too much—and she doesn't understand like Father does, what people need. Father's been everything to us! But Virginia's *our* friend—she's not his—she's *young!*"

"Yes," I agreed, "of course that makes such a relationship aggravating and highly inconvenient to you. It might even make life tragic if you took such a relationship too seriously. If your mother were to realize—or worse still, perhaps, if Adrian did, there might be great troubles; but I don't think, as yet, either of them do. Your mother is concentrated on the annoyance it makes for her to see Adrian in love with Virginia—and Adrian himself is too much in love to realize anything, except Virginia!"

"I'm not quite sure that although Virginia *is* your father's mistress (and no doubt has been so for some long time) that she has yet become Adrian's!"

"Oh, no," said Gillian with a little gasp of horror. "No! No! Of *course* Adrian doesn't know about Father—*no-one* else does—only *you* know—because I couldn't help it—you saw the yellow scarf!"

"There is no reason why you *should* help it," I told her. "I am here to make the relationship between your mother and father better—not worse. I may not succeed, but I shall do the best I can and in any case, I shall hold my tongue—that is what doctors are for!"

She nodded.

"I know you'll do that," she agreed, "but it's no use pretending it isn't awful. They used to meet in the Dower House—that's how I found out—only two months ago. I had shot a rabbit—and heard it squeal, so I ran to look for it and found it close against the library window, in a patch of fern. I broke its neck, and then I looked into the room—and saw Father with Virginia in his arms. It was dusk. They didn't see me. But afterwards—I told Virginia I knew! Of course she must have told Father—we haven't spoken to each other since—except in public—how can we—ever? That's finished too! Everything I *have*, is finished!"

"It has not yet begun!" I told her impatiently. "You both exaggerate and confuse what has taken place between your



father and Virginia. That was a yellow scarf you found on the floor and *not* a rattlesnake!

"Virginia is not an evil witch dropped into your household out of an old ballad—she is a lovely and beautiful girl, without a real home—in a foreign country. Your father is a man of great strength and courage, occupied vitally in helping to save England from the Nazis; and you are to him—what you have always been—his only daughter. It is Adrian—not you—whom I find in a bad position. He does not know the truth and he is not likely to find it out in the best way. Probably you should have told him!"

"Oh!" Gillian exclaimed indignantly, "how could I? Besides, he wouldn't have believed me! He thinks I'm disgusting to Virginia because I'm just jealous! Perhaps I *am* jealous, too—but not the way he thinks!"

"Well," I said, "it is now nearly five o'clock, and our work is finished. We should get some sleep. To-morrow I will write to James and Eunice myself, and tell them that things are very complicated here—and that if it is possible, we need their help. Is your father fond of James?"

"Yes," Gillian said, "in his way he is—awfully! I mean, in a sense, he thinks James rather a poop, but he does admire him *intellectually*—if you know what I mean!"

People in England always speak of the intellect as if it were some queer excrescence to the rest of a person—rather like an in-growing toe-nail. They think people who have it, should be ashamed of it and hide it as much as possible.

"Father *talks* to him," Gillian went on after a pause—"he doesn't to most people—he just *tells* them things. But he lets Uncle James tell *him* things back."

"That is an advantage," I agreed rather drily. "As for us—we cannot settle other people's affairs for them; but we can perhaps bring unknown facts to their notice. The decision—what to do about the new facts—must however remain with them. Miss Gillian, I know very little about life! All that I once thought I knew I now realize was built on an insecure foundation; but this has not yet been proved a lie to me, that man must live his life on his own responsibility—and upon nobody else's! For you to talk of happiness having finished—or your affections being already lost—is a nonsense, for you have had as yet no life. Your affections are as unfurnished as an empty room; but they are not broken—they will need to be rearranged a little, that is all! If the Nazis do not come, they *can* be rearranged. Our immediate object however is to see that the Nazis do *not*

come, and this hospital that you are to work in with me will be our part in the defence of this Island. Let us be friends and work well in it together!"

Her eyes left mine, but she did not lower her head.

"Thanks," she said finally, "I feel better somehow. But actually we *are* friends, aren't we—or I shouldn't have talked to you like this?"

She got up. I liked the quick way she rose. All her muscles co-ordinate and move smoothly. They are very healthy, these English girls, although they are so physically incomplete. This one will work hard for her country; but as yet she has no realization of what she is working against.

These lucky Islanders are so wholly accustomed to freedom that they no more think of losing it than a fish thinks of losing the water it breathes in—or a bird the air. Yet they have come within an ace of losing what they breathe. Sex must go on—and no doubt will go on—Nazis or no Nazis—but the element of freedom hangs by a hair!

28th October 1940

Everything from the medical point of view is now ready for the opening of the hospital. Gillian is supervising the final cleaning of Silver Fountains from cellar to garret.

To-night the ladies, upon whom the work we are to do largely depends, arrive from London; the deputy Matron, Sister Tutor and Home Sister. These titles are of course unfamiliar to me, but Barrow has explained the very responsible and important duties that these three ladies will fulfil.

The housekeeping and administration of the whole hospital rests in the hands of the deputy Matron. Sister Tutor watches over and lectures to, the nursing staff. The Home Sister has varied and intersecting tasks suitable to the name given her.

In the last resort, I am the final authority for the well-being of the patients; but Barrow assures me that the routine work of these skilled and trained women will lighten my responsibility in a manner unknown in my own country.

I set out therefore, to see my patient at ten o'clock this morning, with my mind emptied of anxiety. If a man understands his work

and is assured that there will be no extraneous obstacles to his carrying it out, I think his heart is always at peace.

There was a heavy dew on the ground; and twisted here and there across the golden bracken, the red leaves of brambles sparkled with crystal drops. There was no distance, and the great oaks and chestnuts seemed painted in against the background of lilac mist. Robins sang their abrupt sweet songs, and the light came slanting through the trees a little thickly, like run honey.

I had a sort of up-springing of hope in my heart. Is not England still miraculously preserved? Beyond her vigorously guarded seas, she is still free to breathe deeply, and to grow ever stronger against future attacks. As yet there has been no attempt at invasion; and in a few weeks' time it will be too late to attempt one against the shortening, stormy, winter days: The American destroyers too, spell decisive hope; surely this great people will soon join us? Yet America is perhaps even more than this country, a peace-loving land—incredulous and disconcerted at the thought of War. She is, alas, too intelligent to believe in it! It is our tragedy in Europe that the stupid should also be the strong! How helpless Austria was in 1938—although I could almost say that every Austrian must once at least in his lifetime have outwitted a German—probably as many times as he has met one! But all the wits in the world did not save our intelligent Schuschnigg when he came to Berchtesgaden and found himself surrounded by wild beasts.

I was trying not to think of these things—in the still sunshine, when I heard a strange sound coming from an invisible glade.

It was the hoarse barking of two stags fighting. This is the time of year when these very picturesque animals with their ferned horns, fight for their mates—head to head and heart to heart. Gillian has told me these Park animals are fallow deer. They are less big and wild than the red deer that live their more natural lives on moor and mountain. But Tom has among them some of the wilder species, though they are few and difficult to catch sight of, on account of their more independent lives. These stags now fighting were red deer.

I turned aside down a grass ride, deep into the bracken, till I came to the beginning of the beech avenue. The trees stand there like the pillars of a great church, with a space under them. There the two stags fought. One must not go too near such a battle for these queer, archaic gentlemen are dangerous.

I kept to windward of them, meaning to sit down on the trunk of a fallen tree and watch them for a few minutes, when I dis-

covered that someone else had forestalled me. A girl lay twisted, face downwards in the bracken, her head in her arms, sobbing. Only a few yards from her, the stags fought, hoof to hoof, eye to eye—antler against antler; yet she seemed as unconscious of their presence as they were of hers.

It was a curious sight, and I might have stolen away and left her to her tears, if I had not suddenly realized that the girl was Virginia.

I moved forward then very quietly and bending over her, said her name. She started up, stared at me, and threw herself forward into my arms.

Poor child, she was very unhappy; and with it, as always, very impetuous! It seemed natural to hold her in my arms, while she clung with her face against my shoulder, still shaking with sobs.

"Be quiet," I whispered, "for the stags are fighting too close to us, for safety."

She moved her head and looked at them with startled eyes. I think it seemed strange to her that anything mattered except her grief, or that even a beast could be so oblivious as to think of its own concerns, when her heart was broken. Yet the stags had their own love affairs to think about, and they were absorbed in their combat. One was younger—and at first sight stronger *than the other*. He had *no moss on his horns*. The other must already have had several seasons' fights, for his great fronded antlers were chipped and twisted from former battles.

Somehow, these two stags reminded me of Adrian and his father; and I watched them, wondering whether the younger one, for all his fresh pride and strength, was a match for his astute and toughened elder.

"Which do you wish to win?" I asked Virginia; and she cried, "Oh, must one of them lose—Rudi?" and I saw that she too had recognized the likeness; and knew that her own heart was at stake.

"Yes, one of them must lose," I told her rather sternly, for she had provoked the battle.

The younger stag pressed forward with terrific fury and directness. He was all ardour and anger, and it was from him those hoarse, fierce cries sounded. The older one was silent but he pressed firmly forward—the muscles standing out on his great arched neck, so that you could see them move under the hide.

He seemed to let himself be pushed back a little towards the trees, away from us, as if he were reserving his full powers until he had found the best position for exerting them. I could see

that—in a flash—when the moment came, he would push past the antlered guard of the younger one, and do him some great injury.

Virginia saw this also, and cried aloud, "Oh, Rudi—stop them fighting! You must stop them!"

The stags heard her cry and broke apart, pawing with their hooves into the soft ground, and lowering their antlers threateningly towards us. I seized a stick and slung it at them, fortunately hitting the younger one. He bounded off through the trees, the elder following him. In a moment they had vanished so that we could not tell which would be the victor.

Virginia gave a deep sigh of relief. "Perhaps they won't fight again!" she said pleadingly, "I am so glad you came, Rudi! Adrian said I might speak to you—but I haven't had a chance! Lady Wendover sent for me at breakfast time this morning. I went at once—and found her dreadfully angry. She said awful things about me and Adrian—things I couldn't bear—but I had to because of Adrian—and because of course she doesn't know—not really—what there is to be angry about! She told me I must let Adrian go—Michael would never divorce me, and he's going to give up this living, and go up North right away from everything into some horrible Newcastle slum! It will be awful for the children—and besides, they don't know—she and Michael—but Adrian won't be here long. He's going to enlist in the Air Force—he's only a year under age—and he thinks Tom will let him—and that I'll come to him in a few months' time. But—of course—I can't!"

Virginia began to cry again, wildly and out loud like a child; but like a child, she listened through her sobs when I said to her, "What will stop your going to Adrian, Virginia?"

"Oh, you know," she sobbed. "You know Tom won't let me go! I don't know if he can stop Adrian joining the Air Force—but he can stop *me*!"

"I do not think he can," I said slowly, "not if you wish to go to Adrian, I mean—not if you wish it above everything else that can happen to you—or to anybody else."

"But that's just it," Virginia said, brushing her tears away impatiently, "I *can't* do what I wish! Tom will tell Adrian that I'm his mistress—and I am! And then Adrian will never forgive me!"

I think I never saw such hunted eyes as hers. Poor Virginia! Those who cut across obligation to do what they desire always find themselves trapped sooner or later in the inescapable torture of their own wishes. She has the most beautiful eyes—dark blue,

not bright and hard like a forget-me-not—but like the deep sky above a mountain pine.

But the spirit behind their beauty was desperate and in flight. Virginia does not know what she wants most, or what will hurt her least. She thinks that she loves two men—but perhaps she really loves neither. What she is longing for is some escape into a happier and easier way of living.

I can easily understand this—for her husband, Michael, is a hard man who would demand of her an equal hardness. I wondered if the doe awaiting the outcome of the stags' battle, felt herself a driven victim like Virginia. She too could not intervene, but—happy animal—she would I hoped, be content with whichever stag proved himself the stronger!

But Virginia would not be content.

At the moment she preferred the younger and the weaker of the two males who were fighting for her; but I thought it would be the stronger who would keep her—in spite of her preference.

"You need not continue to be Tom's mistress," I told her gently, "unless you wish to. Such relationships can always end at the will of either party. After all, you were the wife of Michael—and you are *not*—to all intents and purposes, any more his wife. This with Tom—is a lesser tie."

She moved uneasily; her eyelids fluttered like the zigzag wings of a chased butterfly.

"If Michael refuses to divorce me, how can I marry anybody!" she said nervously. "I think it's wicked of him—but he's like that! He has a grudge against me because I can be happy without him—but he thinks it's because of the Church. It makes him behave like a stone, and be proud of it. Besides, there are my babies—you can't think I *want* to leave them!"

"Yet they are also *his* babies," I reminded her, "and you cannot take them away from him."

She blinked and would not meet my eyes, and I had again the idea that perhaps the younger child was Tom's.

"I suppose," she said after a long silence, "that I shall just put Adrian off! I can't marry him, and because of the children I can't even live with him—so I must just go on waiting for something fresh to happen. Perhaps Adrian will get killed or Tom be tired of my always being upset! Only *must* we go to Newcastle—can't you stop Lady Wendover's sending us away?"

"Not if your husband wants to go, I can't," I told her. "Besides, do you not yourself think that it might be best? I take it Adrian does not know about his father, or his father—beyond thinking you've flirted with him—about Adrian?"

Virginia nodded. "It—it just happened!" she murmured. "I didn't mean it to happen—Rudi! You see, Adrian always played with Gillian and me—when he was a boy—and suddenly one day, he wasn't a boy any more! He had grown up—and Tom was away all last winter and spring because of the War; and I was frightened—and so awfully lonely and dull, and then Gillian stopped being friendly and there was only Adrian. You do see how it *could* happen, don't you? I know it was awful, but when you're in love and know what a man wants, and there isn't any other way of making him happy except by giving it to him, and being happy yourself *with* him, is it so dreadful to do what you both want? Gillian thinks it is!—even though she isn't religious. But then she hasn't been a wife—and then for so long, *not* a wife—not anything! That was how Tom happened—and I got used to him—and it seemed all right. I couldn't feel very wicked, because—after all—Michael didn't care! Besides, if you're going to be as good as all that, and try to force somebody else to be good as well, you have to pay for it, don't you? But I was mad to let Adrian love me! I had thought of him as just a child—and loved him like that for years, ever since I came here; and then, just last Christmas, I found he was older than I was, and I *had* to do what he wanted!"

"It's not so dreadful!" I said gently, "but what might be really dreadful is Adrian's finding out suddenly about his father—it might be such a terrible shock to him!"

"It would be a shock to Tom as well—to find out about Adrian," Virginia said defensively, as if something within her was trying to protect the rights of this old lover whose claims she had so casually violated; "more—in a way—because I've belonged to him for two years. I was terribly fond of him, and he's given me everything he could—and he would always. He'd marry me to-morrow if either of us could get free! In a way it was so funny talking to Lady Wendover this morning, and knowing that I had the whip hand of her all the time whatever she said, only I couldn't use it!"

Her eyes, not yet dry from tears, brimmed suddenly with laughter.

"Oh, Rudi," she said, "do you think I'm very wicked? You don't look at me as if you were despising me—and yet I suppose you do? Or is it only the English who despise people? You see the awful part of it is that both Tom and Adrian would despise me if they knew!"

"Oh, no—I don't despise you," I told her. "In my country we do not like venal women—but you are not venal. You like

to give as well as to take, but I must admit that I think you have put yourself into an unfortunate position, because you can get into a much worse difficulty from *not* having spoken the truth. You see the truth is always much more embarrassing when it has *not* been spoken, than when there is nothing to hide! And also it concerns others—they are not free when you have fooled them by a lie; and it is always very dangerous not to leave a lover free. If I were in your place, whether I told Tom or not, I should tell Adrian!"

"But why Adrian, and not Tom?" Virginia demanded.

"Because," I said, "if Tom finds out—or if you tell him—he can take care of himself. Tom is an important person, to his country—as well as to you! In a sense also, he deserves no better than that you should leave him. He is twice your age, and I take it you were true to your husband until he made love to you—therefore he broke your marriage! The breakers-up of marriage cannot expect their own love-loyalties to remain intact."

Virginia looked grave. "But——" she said, and stopped—as if to speak hurt her—and then added, "Yes—I *was* true to Michael. I flirted—but I was true to him. Tom knew I was true to Michael—but Michael didn't! Tom believed in me—more than Michael! He does now—that's why I mind as much, or more, Rudi, than I mind for Adrian—or for Michael. Tom is more like me—he isn't as particular as Michael and Adrian—he knows flirting is only flirting. But you see I've really let him down now!"

But though she spoke of Tom, I had the feeling that of the three of them, the one who hurt her most to think about, was her husband. Tom had spoiled her, but Michael had not spoiled her; and it was for this she could not forgive him. But I said nothing to her of these things then since they were not my business.

"Adrian", I said firmly, "ought to be told by you at once about his father, because you must help him over the knowledge. You—and only you—can show him how to bear the thought that he has been deceived by you. If he finds out from anyone else, he may not be able to bear it!"

Virginia leaned once more against my shoulder, as if I were the bough of a tree, and not a man.

"Oh, Rudi," she said, "I can't ever tell him! *You* must tell him for me! If you think he's really *got* to know, I mean! But why should he be told? They may send him overseas soon—that would make such a difference! And I can pretend to Tom—I can go on pretending. After all, it isn't as if I didn't like him, is it? Just because I'm not interested in him any more isn't the same as if I didn't like him!"



"He might notice the difference," I said a little dryly—thinking of Klara.

There had never been a time when she was not interested in me—nor when I would not have noticed if she had ceased to be interested; until in a flash—an hour—a summer afternoon—I had become a Jew.

"It's such a pity," Virginia said after a long silence, "that *you* aren't my lover, Rudi. You know you could be—quite easily—if you wanted!"

"Easier than you think!" I thought to myself, but not aloud to her.

"That also might lead to embarrassments," I said aloud, "for then you would have three lovers to explain to yourself—instead of two. Besides, I should always know if you were interested or not. I am not a good man to lie to!"

Virginia moved her head from my shoulder and looked at me with eyes that were pleasant to drown in.

"But I should rather like to have *one* man," she said with a little smile, "to whom I *must* always speak the truth—and who wouldn't believe me if I didn't!"

"You can have him to tell the truth to, without making him your lover!" I answered.

Virginia was again silent.

This looking for lovers to help her evade difficulties was presumably her life-plan—and with her looks, it could not have been difficult to find them. On the whole I thought her rather a good girl only to have had the two Wendovers as lovers—with that stick Michael—thrown in as a husband.

"You're so much more the right age," Virginia said at last. "Tom and Michael are too old for me—and Adrian is too young; but you really know what I mean!"

"Do you yourself know what you mean?" I ventured to ask her, "or even what you want? Think for a moment! You do not wish to leave your children—yet you would leave them if Michael released you. You wish to give up Tom—and yet you have not made up your mind altogether to renounce him. You wish to go to Adrian—and yet you are sitting here, under these great beeches that are rather like a church and must sometimes remind you of your husband—except of course that you are sitting under them, with another man!"

Virginia laughed out loud, and I laughed with her. She is all that she ought not to be perhaps, but it is easy to laugh with her.

"Well, I *do* know what I want really," Virginia told me, when she had finished laughing, "I want you to tell Adrian about Tom,

and I want you to prevent my having to go to Newcastle; and I want you to come to lunch with me to-day—before you have the whole hospital pulled over your ears!”

I was glad that she had reminded me of the hospital. It was a great help to me.

The fact that I have no human relationships that are my own, I find makes me very vulnerable to emotional contacts. I could, I know, easily be true to a wife whom I possessed, but hardly to a wife whom I no longer possess. I would make any reasonable sacrifice for my son—but without Andreas, sacrifice has a sterile look.

I wished more than ever that Eunice and James were within call. Still, I reminded myself I had a certain definite loyalty to Adrian, and I mean to keep it whatever Virginia may mean; so I agreed to go to lunch with her to-day, that being the easiest of her wishes to grant, and I hoped the least harmful.

## 1st November 1940

I am not certain why Virginia wanted me to lunch at the Rectory. Did she feel naked after her confidence to me, and want to re-clothe herself, and perhaps impress me by presenting herself against the background of well-bred domesticity—as the mother of two healthy, handsome children, the mistress of a charming house, the wife of a man I had only to look at in order to respect? Or was it that she wanted her husband, Michael, to see yet another man brought to heel by the attractions he would not so much as acknowledge?

The house *was* charming; so were the children whom we saw for brief well-timed moments before, and after, lunch. So was the lunch itself, and above all, so was my gracious scholarly host. But all that these pleasant accessories accomplished for Virginia, was to show me how completely she failed to be part of them. She might have been a wandering air blown in at one window, and out at the other.

The servants looked to their master for suggestion and approval. The children were governed by their firm and placid nurse. The little girl leaned against her father all the while she was in the room, not troubling to hide the suspicious and hostile feeling she had for her mother.